THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE "HARD TIMES" PARTY.

This is What the Alleged Democratic Party is Going to be Called in Future, as Judged by the Fruits of Its Policy.

The Hon. A. L. Morrison Quotes From Former Democratic Leaders and Statesmen, Including Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson, to Prove That they Were Protectionists.

English Free Trade a Modern "Democratic" Heresy.

PART II.

In the language of America's peerless statesman, James G. Blaine, when alluding to this period of our history: "America was politically independent of England, but industrially dependent on her." The unimpeachable witnesses cited above prove that the latter part of Mr. Blaine's statement beyond the possibility of successful contradiction, Gen. McMahon would have left the country in that degrading condition of dependence. Hear him: "Our country never needed Protection in my opinion. Followed to its legitimate conclusion, the theory of Protection would make a nation (he spells Nation with a small n) of paritites, not freemen. When everybody gets a chance to rob his neighbor everybody will be happy. The hot-house process was never necessary in the United States. This theory is wholly un-American, and its failure in practice is the great cause of existing injustice and dissatisfaction." As Hamlet says, "Words, words, words." Not a scintilla of proof. Verily, great is assertion. "There were giants on the earth in those days," and we will let some of them speak, and see how they agree with the pigmies of today. A few citations from George Washington's correspondence will show how his great soul was troubled by the condition of the Nation at that time. In 1786 he writes: "Our affairs are drawing to an awful crisis; it is necessary, therefore, that the abilities of every man should be drawn into action in a public line, to rescue them, if possible, from impending ruin." I am told that even respectable characters speak of a monarchical form of government without horror. "For God's sake tell me what is the cause of all these commotions." "It is but the other day that we were shedding our blood to obtain the constitutions under which we live—constitutions of our own choice and making—and now we are unsheathing the sword to overturn them." Let us keep these sad expressions in our minds, and contrast them with his exultant declarations a few years later. After a bitter experience of several years it became evident that the Confederacy was a woful failure, and that if the government was to live some other and better form must be adopted. At length a constitutional convention was called, and after about six months' discussion our present constitution, the greatest, wisest instrument this world has ever seen, was adopted. Under its provisions Washington was elected first President of the Republic, on April 6, 1779, was inaugurated on the 30th of the same month, and the first congress was called for the 4th of the following March. Hildreth in his excellent history says that within two days after congress assembled steps were taken to introduce the first Tariff bill. But before we reach that let us see what the men who fought through the Revolution, drove England from our soil and bequeathed to us the liberty we now enjoy, thought of the system which Gen. McMahon denounces as "un-American, and which he says would make a Nation of parasites—not freemen."

Bishop, in his History of American Manufactures, says: "Their (the producing classes) confidence in the ability and disposition of the new government formed under it (the constitution) to aid, as well as the extreme peril in which their interests were then placed, are also apparent from the fact that the first petition presented to congress after its assembling in March, 1789, emanated from over 700 of the mechanics, tradesmen and others of the town of Baltimore, lamenting the decline of manufactures and trade since the Revolution and praying that the efficient government with which they were then blessed for the first time would render the country independent in fact as well as in name, by an early attention to the encouragement and protection of American manufactures, by imposing on all foreign articles which could be made in America such duties as would give a decided preference to their labors."

In Tucker's history of the United States, we find the following: "The merchant and shipowner confidently expected Protection from the discriminating duties and navigation laws of other countries, and even the small manufacturing class hoped for the encouragement of a Protective impost."

Previous to the adoption of the constitution both Pennsylvania and New York had passed acts for the Protection of their own industries by imposing duties on foreign goods. The citizens of Boston, Philadephia, New York, Baltimore and other places, held mass meetings and processions, in support of Protection, and the new congress was flooded with resolutions and petitions demanding the immediate passage of just such laws as the General and his party denounce as un-American. But how did congress, which was largely composed of members of the constitutional convention, treat those demands? Did that grandest of all our congresses tell the victims of English Free Trade, that they did not need Protection, that the hot-house process was not necessary, that they should not attempt to grow oranges in Massachusetts or New York. Probably if Gen. McMahon had been born 150 years ago, and had thus been able to instruct the sages of the Revolution in correct views of political economy, they might have done so, but being deprived of that great advantage, they did the very opposite. And this is what they did. Within a week after the meeting of congress, James Madison brought forward a bill, of which the first section reads as follows: "Whereas, it is neccessary for the support of government, for the discharge of the debts of the United States and for the encouragement and protection of manufactures; that duties be laid on goods, wares and merchandise imported.

What! James Madison whom the General claims as one of the great ancestors of the modern Free Trade democracy? Yes, the very same. The father of the constitution, the alleged father of the Democratic party, is also the father of the "un-American," "hot-house," "parasite" system of "Protection," which "enables everybody to rob his neighbor." I am proud to say that two leading advocates of Protection in the above congress bore the peculiarly Norman Irish patronymic's of Fitzsimons and Burke. This was perfectly natural, as Ireland was then enjoying the only era of prosperity (under Protection) she had known since the English invaders had landed on her soil. But the above bill passed both houses almost unanimously, and was signed by the great President Washington on the thirteenth anniversary of our nation's natal day. Blaine well and truly called this Tariff act our second Declaration of Independence, as it made us independent of the English pirates in every sense of the word. At once, as if by a miracle, idleness disappeared, and with it discontent, its legitimate offspring, also vanished. Americans, in the rhetorical language of Gen. McMahon, began to "grow oranges in Massachusetts" and elsewhere, and for the first time the heroes of Bunker Hill, Monmouth and Yorktown began to taste the sweet products of their own labor. In his seventh annual message (when the country was about seven years blessed by Madison's Protective Tariff act), Gen. Washington said: "Our agriculture and commerce prosper beyond example. Every part of the union displays indications of rapid and varied improvement with burdens so light as scarcely to be perceived." And at the close of his glorious official life in his eighth and last annual message the hero Sage, says: "Congress has repeatedly, and not without success, directed their attention to the encouragement of manufactures. The object is of too much consequence not to insure a continuance of their efforts in every way which shall be eligible."

But what will the General say to these expressions from the alleged founder of the Democratic party? President Jefferson, in his second annual message uses this language: "The general inquiry now is, shall we make our own comforts, or go without them at the will of a foreign nation? He, therefore, who is now against domestic manufactures, must be for reducing us either to a dependence upon that nation, or to be clothed in skins and live like beasts in caves and dens. I am proud to say I am not one of these. Experience has taught me that manufactures are now as necessary to our independence as to our comforts.

"The prohibiting duties we lay on all articles of foreign manufacture, which prudence requires us to establish at home, with the patriotic determination of every good citizen to use no foreign article which can be made within ourselves, without regard to difference of price, secures us against a relapse into foreign dependency."

In his letter to Humphrey, 1809, he wrote: "My own idea is than we should encourage home manufactures to the extent of our own consumption of everything of which we raise the raw materials."

In 1817, after the close of the second war with Great Britain, in accepting an election to membership in a "Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Manufactures," Jefferson wrote: "The history of the last twenty years has been a significant lesson for us all to depend for necessaries on ourselves alone; and I hope twenty years more will place the American hemisphere under a system of its own, essentially peaceable and industrious and not needing to extract its comforts out of the eternal fires raging in the old world."

James Madison, our fourth president, recognized as "the Father of the Constitution," in a special message to congress, May 23, 1809, said: "It will be worthy of the just and provident care of congress to make such further alterations in the laws as will more especially protect and foster the several branches of manufacture which have been recently instituted or extended by the laudable exertions of our citizens."

Again, in special message, Feb. 20, 1815, Mr. Madison said: "But there is no subject that can enter with greater force and merit into the deliberations of congress than a consideration of the means to preserve and promote the manufactures which have sprung into existence and obtained an unparalleled maturity throughout the United States during the period of the European wars. This source of national independence and wealth, I anxiously recommend, therefore, to the prompt and constant guardianship of congress."

James Monroe, our fifth president, in his inaugural said: "Our manufactures will likewise require the systematic and fostering care of the government. Possessing, as we do, all the raw materials, the fruit of our own soil and industry, we ought not to depend, in the degree we have done, on supplies from other countries. Equally important is it to provide at home a market for our raw materials, as by extending the competition it will enhance the price and protect the cultivator agninst the casualities incident to foreign markets."

In his seventh annual message he says: "Having formerly communicated my views to congress respecting the encouragement which ought to be given to our manufactures, and the principle on which it should be founded, I have only to add that those views remain unchanged. I recommend a review of the tariff for the purpose of affording such additional protection to those articles which we are prepared to manufacture, or which are more immediately connected with the defense and independence of the country."

But listen to the opinions of the grand old Irish-American hero of New Orleans, on this subject: In 1824, he writes, "Providence has filled our mountains and our plains with minerals—with lead, iron and copper—and given us a climate and soil for the growing of hemp and wool. These being the greatest materials of our national defense, they ought to have extended to them adequate and fair protection, that our manufacturers and laborers may be placed in a fair competition with those of Europe; and that we may have within our country a supply of those leading and important articles so essential in war. We have been too long subject to the policy of British merchants. It is time we should become a little more Americanized; and, instead of feeding the paupers and laborers of England, feed our own; or else in a short time by continuing our present policy (that under the tariff of 1816) we shall all be rendered paupers ourselves. It is my opinion therefore that a careful and judicious tariff is much wanted."

The bill of 1824 was passed, and again, and at once, an era of great financial prosperity set in. So marked and helpful was the improvement that in 1828 the duties were raised still higher; and yet business improved, new industries were started, and prosperity gladdened the people.

Hear what President Andrew Jackson said in his annual message, in December, 1832, concerning the results and benefits of eight years of protection under the tariffs of 1824 and 1828: "Our country presents, on every side, marks of prosperity and happiness, unequalled, perhaps, in any other portion of the world."

In addition to the above it may be added that every president from Washington away down to Cleveland (my countrymen what a fall was there) were staunch Protectionists, with the exceptions of Polk, Pierce and Cleveland, and possibly Buchanan. It will not be forgotten that Franklin, Hamilton, Webster, Clay, and the lamented Blaine, supported this great American doctrine. If this illustrious list does not contain our greatest statesmen and truest patriots I do not know where to find them. In the presence of this array of majestic ability, which the world cannot equal, it looks a little like presumption (in even as great a man as Gen. McMahon) to impugn their patriotism and denounce the doctrine they advocated as un-American. Still Gen. McMahon has some American authorities to support his side of the contention, and here are the leading ones: "Whereas, the Congress of the United States, by various acts, purporting to be acts, laying duties and imports on foreign imports, but in reality intended for the protection of domestic manufactures, etc., hath exceeded its just powers under the Constitution: We therefore, the people of the State of South Carolina, in convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the several acts, and parts of acts, of the Congress of the United States purporting to be the laws for the imposing of duties and imports on the importation of foreign commodities, etc., are unauthorized by said constitution, and violate the true meaning and intent thereof, and are null and void and no law."—"Ordinance of nullification, passed by South Carolina, through delegates assembled in general convention Nov. 27, 1832."

This Free Trade pronunciamento came to an untimely end when President Jackson declared that if John C. Calhoun dared to aid, or attempt to aid, in enforcing said ordinance he would, "By the eternal hang him, the said Calhoun, to the highest tree in South Carolina." The next authority is Article I. of the Confederate constitution, adopted March 11, 1861: "The congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties and excises, for revenue only, necessary to pay the debts, provide for the common defense, and carry on the government of the Confederate states; but no bounty shall be granted from the treasury; nor shall any duties or taxes on importations from foreign nations be laid to promote or foster any branch of industry." This was inserted in the rebel constitution to enlist English sympathy, and succeeded in doing so, but it was stamped out in blood, Gen. McMahon rather inconsistently aiding in said stamping. The last authority I can find room for is the "Tariff plank of the Democratic platform of 1892": "We denounce Republican Protection as a fraud, a robbery of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few. We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the federal government has no constitutional power to collect tariff duties, except for the purpose of revenue only, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the government when honestly and economically administered." What a remarkable similarity exists between these declarations! How closely the Democrats of today imitate their progenitors, the nullifiers, the rebels, and, of course, the English free-traders. How soon the recent Democratic declaration will meet the same ignominious fate of its predecessors is plainly indicated by the political cyclones of last fall and the smaller but more significant Republican victory in New York on Jan. 30 last, and the wonderful reduction of the Democratic majority in Chicago at the recent municipal election. The Republicans of today are the lineal descendants of the fathers of the constitution, who, as I have shown by their writings and actions, were the originators of the principles of Protection to our own industries which Gen. McMahon and his party denounce so bitterly. Just fancy "the wild-eyed mountaineers" (as they were called by a leading Connecticut Democratic organ) at midnight in Chicago, over-ruling the calm, god-like authors of the American constitution. The insanity of the Jacobins of 1792 or the Commune of our days was wisdom when compared to the idiotic conduct of the late Democratic convention in Chicago.

A. L. MORRISON.

THE CASE OF MRS. MAYBRICK.

The Views of an Irish Lawyer—What Americans Should Do.

DUBLIN, Ireland, Jan. 23.—*To the Editor:* In your late editorial remarks on the case of Mrs. Maybrick you notice that, notwithstanding the efforts of many distinguished private individuals, the prisoner remains in penal servitude on an unsustainable charge. Instead of expressing surprise at this result I think you gave the reason why no better result has been attained. In England, Ireland and Scotland all is left to private individuals. No political party has espoused her cause. No one votes against the ministers who imprison her for that reason. Sir Charles Russell is one of the strongest and ablest advocates of her release. He is actually a member of the government which refuses to modify the sentence of penal servitude for life. Now, there is at all events one political party that ought to take up her cause, and the American people should tell them so plainly. I mean the Irish political party. They profess great friendship for America and the Americans. They have drawn a great part of their funds from America. Their countrymen, though numerous in Liverpool, seem to have been excluded from the jury. The prisoner's leading counsel, who is also her advocate in the present ministry, is an Irishman and a Catholic, which is, perhaps, the reason why his colleagues refuse to concede to him the small privilege of releasing one prisoner whom he believes to have been wrongfully convicted. No attorney-general, I believe, was ever refused such a request before. The Irish doctors who were examined gave evidence in favor of the prisoner.

But again, sir, in America it is [illegible] excluded leading statesmen and members of the cabinet, but they petitioned for mercy instead of asking for justice, and they did so in their individual capacities instead of through their accredited Secretary of State. Their claims should have been put forward in a diplomatic manner in printed and published documents, as they were for instance in the celebrated Alabama case, where the entire discussion between the statesmen on both sides was open to the world before arbitration was finally resolved on. What is wanted is a calm, clear, argumentative statement of the wrongs inflicted on the American lady drawn up and signed by the proper member of the American cabinet. He has, I believe, as good a case as the late Mr. Fish had in the matter of the Alabama claims, and there is no reason why it should not be as clearly and powerfully stated. The Alabama claims, I presume, would never have been pressed into a casus belli, and the demand in Mrs. Maybrick's case need not assume that form. A diplomatic correspondence published to the whole civilized world and placing England clearly in the wrong can hardly fail to result in a free pardon, or an offer to arbitrate; and the arbitrators would probably add compensation to free pardon.

My advice then is this: Press the point on the Irish political party and on the American cabinet. Any one who knows the story of the principal English criminal trials will understand my signature. Yours truly,

THOMAS SMETHURST.

—*Inter-Ocean, Feb. 10.*

Catholicism In Chicago.

At present the Catholic church is numerically much stronger than any other in Chicago; and it is probable that the members of its fold are at least as many, or almost so, as the active followers of all other creeds combined. It is not in numbers only that it has won its greatest triumphs or proudest laurels. The Catholics, who in the old days were mostly all hewers of wood and drawers of water, now occupy the highest positions in the gift of the people—thanks to their grit, talents and industry.

Not a few of them have beceme millionaire merchants; others sit on the bench or plead as lawyers in the courts of justice; others still are members of the Senate and Assembly of Illinois. The medical, engineering and journalistic professions are thronged with Catholics, whose careers in public life have been those of the best of American citizens, and whose records socially, spiritually and otherwise reflect credit on the church to which they belong.—*Eugene Davis in February Donohue's.*

Something Interetsing to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

LEON GAMBETTA.

The Heroic Efforts He Made to Save France with an Untrained Army After the Regular Forces Were Dispersed or Captured.

English Military Scholars Warn Their Government to Take a Lesson From the Fate of France in 1870.

At a meeting of the Military Society of Ireland held at the Royal University Building, Dublin, on Jan. 21, Lieut. T. M. Maguire, M.A., L.L., D., delivered a lecture entitled "Gambetta's Efforts to Save France; improvised against organized armies." There was a large attendance. The chair was occupied by Maj. Gen. Moncreiff. The lecturer having described the mode in which the Germans entered France in 1870, and the arrangement of French troops opposed to them, said that the preliminary movements and the early results of war were absolutely miraculous, for in seventeen days all the regular troops of a great military nation long accustomed to the practice and art of war had been scattered to the winds. One of its distinguished marshals with five corps and the Imperial Guard was shut up in a fortress and laid under siege. When Metz was invested the Germans reorganized their formation, and by the middle of August in that year Strasbourg was also invested. The Germans pressed on to Paris, and on Sept. 19 the north of Paris was invested. The populace of France, which, on Aug. 18, had gone wild with enthusiasm for the emperor, on Sept. 19 went wild with hatred for him, and even the empress would have been torn to pieces by the mob. But it was to the everlasting credit of the French people that they did not despair in this emergency. The populace of Paris, supposed to be the most frivolous in the world, became at once the most enthusiastic—men, women, and children were willing to sacrifice their all—to live on rats and mice—provided they could contribute to the salvation and honor of France. There they stood starving within Paris—marching along the ramparts—trying an occasional sortie, never succeeding, always hopeful, always trying some plan. It was marvellous, this siege of Paris by between 150,000 and 200,000 Germans. The new government of France say that the old government had made a serious mistake, for the defense of France had been hitherto confined to only one small district constituting not a third of the entire country. One of the chiefs of the new government was a great orator, a man of heroic sacrifice, dauntless courage and energy, and capable of transferring to others his patriotic enthusiasm—Gambetta was this man. Gambetta left Paris in a balloon, the only means available at that period of the operations. But instead of wafting him towards the Loire, where he wanted to go, the wind brought him to Metz, of all places in the world, where the Germans were in strong force. They fired on him, wounded him in the wrist, but he continued in the air and at length reached Tours, a more favorable place. He then began the most famous irregular proceedings in the whole history of the world. He constructed a new army between the end of October and the end of November, and, tapping the fighting capacities of the nation, bore down with his levies on Paris.

It was just possible that the Germans would now have had to raise the siege, but then came the reserve army of the Germans from Metz; and the new army was crushed, not because it lacked courage—for the nation that sent its armies, under Napoleon, through Europe and Egypt and Asia—from Paris to Vienna, to Rome, to Lisbon, to Berlin, to Warsaw, to Moscow—could not have so degenerated in courage that it would have been so terribly crushed in its own country; but it was defeated because it was untrained and unable to cope with the grand German organization, for a cab-driver could not be made an artilleryman in a week, and sent into the field of battle against regular troops. Hastily organized irregular troops were, in modern times, however enthusiastic, practically useless against regularly trained soldiers. Now, here they saw a celebrated army, fighting under celebrated chiefs, overwhelmed and destroyed—they saw heroic and desperate efforts, unlimited expenditure, terrible waste of life, undertaken with the object of retrieving the destinies of the country, all defeated. What lesson did they draw from that? From the fall of France in 1870? Each European nation could see its fate if it neglected to build up a good military organization. Despite the speeches of philanthropists and the theories of humanitarians, no nation ever grew powerful and retained its power except by carefully preserving and cultivating and encouraging the study of arms.

Maj.-Gen. Moncrieff said that they at home should learn a lesson from the Franco-Prussian war. How their authorities and government could go on and make naval and army matters matters of politics he could not understand (applause). He hoped their lectures and meetings would contribute something to the formation of a healthy public opinion on these matters, and would try to show their government that they were going on false lines altogether, and that the supremacy of the empire could never be safe until the army and navy were clean cut off from politics (applause).

A vote of thanks was passed to the lecturer and the proceedings concluded.

LITERARY.

Monkeys of North America.

The white-throated Capuchin, of Sapajou, and his near relatives, are some of the poor little fellows who find the monkeys' purgatory on this earth. They are *les miserables* who go about with the organ-grinder, dance when the chain is jerked, and pass the tiny hat for the pennies. Poor little beggars! How much better for a monkey is the hunter's bullet in the leafy jungle than the deadly hand-organ on the hot pavement, and lifelong misery! As a household pet, or a captive in a zoo, the Capuchin monkey is the prince of good fellows. He is of good, comfortable size, neither too small, nor too large, fair in proportions, active, intelligent and docile, and decidedly affectionate. Many Old World monkeys are treacherous and dangerous brutes; but so far as his human friends are concerned, the Capuchin is nearly always to be trusted. He has a countenance like a pale, sad-looking old man, heavily burdened with care. Out of a large cageful of monkeys of various kinds that I once kept, the white-throated Sapajou was the only thoroughly satisfactory inmate. He was sincerely attached to me, and whenever I came near him would purse out his wrinkled lips and complain to me about his disagreeable neighbors at a great rate. When frightened, his shrill, rasping shrieks, and the expression of his mobile face, made a representation of terror so perfect that a tragic actor might well have copied it. When coaxing his keeper for food or attention, he would thrust out his lips until they formed a funny-looking little tube, and say in a plaintive tone, "Poo-oo-oo-oo!" These graceful and interesting monkeys are found in Eastern Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, and northern South America. At home they are not nearly so active and bold as the spider-monkey, doubtless because they are not all legs and tail like the spiders. They not only eat fruit of all kinds, but are also very fond of beetles and other insects, eggs, and even young birds. The tail is prehensile, but not powerfully so like that of the spider-monkey.—*Wm. T. Hornaday, in February St. Nicholas.*

"The Arena."

The February *Arena* is a magnificent [illegible] winter issue, containing 164 pages. [illegible] Rev. M. J. Savage, Rev. [illegible] D.D., Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph. D., Congressman John Davis, Stinson Jarvis, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Helen Campbell, and Rev. Hiram Vrooman. The editor contributes two important papers: one dealing with uninvited poverty, the other an argument against medical monopoly. A striking feature is the Symposium by six well known American women on "Rational Dress for Women." This Symposium is profusely illustrated. Altogether, no review of the month will be so attractive to progressive persons as the Midwinter *Arena*. The publishers announce that hereafter the *Arena* will contain 144 pages, making it the largest monthly review published.

OBITUARY.

MRS. HONORIA M'GRATH.

The Tuam *News* of Feb. 2, announces the death of Mrs. Honoria McGrath, widow of the late Michael McGrath, which occurred at the residence of her son, Edward McGrath, National school teacher, Caltra, county Galway, Ireland, on the 21st ult., at the advanced age of 80 years. Mrs. McGrath was of an amiable disposition, and had many warm friends, who testified their friendship by attending the funeral, which was large and representative. The interment was at Kilclooney, Tuam.

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

The following enlisted men have been dishonorably discharged from the military service of the State: James McMamon, Edward Doherty, James A. Traynor, Frank Philbin and Patrick Brahney. The State has issued to the regiment 300 new overcoats and 150 new uniforms; with this addition they will undoubtedly make a fine appearance on St. Patrick's Day. Company F. is rapidly recruiting, and it promises to be the finest company in the State. Last drill night it received fifteen new members. Company E gives a grand ball and exhibition drill at the South Side Turner Hall, No. 3147 State street, on St. Patrick's night. Company C will give a dance at the North Side Turner Hall on St. Patrick's night.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

TUBBER DERG.

The Misfortunes and Triumphs of Owen McCarthy, an Irish Tenant Farmer.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

Owen now heard anecdotess and narratives of all occurrences, whether interesting or strange, that had taken place during his absence. Among others, was the death of his former landlord, and the removal of the agent who had driven him to beggary. Tubber Derg, he found, was then the property of a humane and considerate man, who employed a judicious and benevolent gentleman to manage it.

"One thing, I can tell you," said Frank; "it was but a short time in the new agent's hands, when the dacent farmers stopped goin' to America."

"But, Frank," said Owen, and he sighed on putting the question, "who is in Tubber Derg now?"

"Why, thin, a son of ould Rousin' Red-head's, of Tullyvernon—young Con Roe, or the Ace o' Hearts—for he was called both by the youngsters—if you remimber him. His head's as red, an' double as big, even, as his father's was, an' you know that no hat would fit ould Con, until he sent his measure to Jemmy Lamb, the hatter. Dick Nugent put it out on him, that Jemmy, always made Rousin' Red-head's hat, either upon the half-bushel pot, or a five-gallon keg of whiskey. 'Talkin' of the keg,' says Dick, 'for the matther of that,' says he, 'divil a much differ the hat will persave; for the one'—meanin' ould Con's head, who was a hard dhrinker—'the one,' says Con, 'is as much a keg as the other—ha! ha! ha!' Dick met Rousin' Red-head another day; 'Arrah, Con,' says he, 'why do you get your hats made upon a pot, man alive? Sure that's the rason that you're so fond o' *pot*een.' A quare mad crathur was Dick, an' would go forty miles for a fight. Poor fellow, he got his skull broke in a scrimmage betwixt the Redmonds and the O'Hanlons; an' his last words were, 'Bad luck to you, Redmond—O'Hanlon, I never thought you, above all men, dead an' gone, would be the death o' me.' Poor fellow! he was for pacifyin' them, for a wondher, but, instead o' that, he got pacified himself."

"An' how is young Con doin', Frank?"

"Hut, divil a much time he has to do aither well or ill, yit. There was four tenants on Tubber Derg since you left it, an' he's the fifth. It's hard to say how he'll do; but I believe he's the best o' thim, for so far. That may be owin' to the landlord. The rent's let down to him; an' I think he'll be able to take bread, an' good bread, too, out of it."

"God send, poor man!"

"Now, Owen, would you like to go back to it?"

"I can't say that. I love the place, but I suffered too much in it. No; but I'll tell you, Frank, if there was e'er a snug farm near it that I could get rasonable, I' take it."

Frank slapped his knee exultingly. "Ma chuirp!—do you say so, Owen!"

"Indeed I do."

"Thin, upon my song, that's the luckiest thing I ever knew. There is, this blessed minute, a farm o' sixteen acres that the Lacys is lavin'—goin' to America, and it's to be set. They'll go the week after next, an' the house needn't be cowld, for you can come to it the very day afther they lave it."

"Well," said Owen, "I'm glad of that. Will you come wid me to morrow, an' we'll see about it?"

"To be sure I will; an' what's betther, too; the agint is a son of ould Misther Rogerson, a man that knows you an' the history of them you came from, well. An', another thing, Owen! I tell you, whin its abroad that *you* want to take the farm, there's not a man in the parish will bid agin you. You may know that yourself."

"I think, indeed, they would rather sarve me than otherwise," replied Owen; "an' in the name o' God, we'll see what can be done. Misther Rogerson, himself, 'ud speak to his son for me; so that I'll be sure of his intherest. Arrah, Frank, how is an ould friend o' mine, that I have a great regard for—poor Widow Murray?"

"Widow Murray? Poor woman, *she's* happy."

"You don't mane she's dead?"

"She's dead, Owen, and happy, I trust, in the Savior. She died last spring was a two years."

"God be good to her sowl! An' are the childhre in her place still? It's she that was the dacent woman."

"Throth, they are; an' sorra a betther doin' family in the parish than they are. It's they that'll be glad to see you, Owen. Many a time I have seen their poor mother, heavens be her bed, lettin' down the tears, when she used to be spakin' of you, or mintionin' how often you sarved her; espeshially, about some day or other that you previnted her cows from bein' canted for the rint. She's dead now, an' God he knows an honest hard-workin' woman she ever was."

"Dear me, Frank, isn't it a wondher to think how the people dhrop off! There's Widow Murray, one o' my ouldest frinds, an' Pether McMahon, an' Barney Lorinan—not to forget pleasant Rousin' Red-head—all taken away! Well! well!—sure it's the will o' God! We can't be here always."

After much conversation, enlivened by the bottle, though but sparingly used on the part of Owen, the hour of rest arrived, when the family separated for the night.

The grey dawn of a calm beautiful summer's morning found Owen up and abroad, long before the family of honest Frank had risen. When dressing himself, with the intention of taking an early walk, he was asked by his friend why he stirred so soon, or if he—his host—should accompany him.

"No," replied Owen; "lie still; jist let me look over the country while it's asleep. Whin I'm musin' this a-way I don't like any body to be along wid me, I have a place to go an see, too—an' a message—a tendher message, from poor Kathleen, to deliver, that I wouldn't wish a second person to hear. Sleep, Frank. I'll just crush the head o' my pipe agin one o' the half-burned turf that the fire was raked wid, an' walk out for an hour or two. Afther our breakfast we'll go an' look about this new farm."

He sallied out as he spoke, and closed the door after him in that quiet, thoughtful way for which he was ever remarkable. The season was midsummer, and the morning wanted at least an hour of sunrise. Owen ascended a little knoll, above Frank's house, on which he stood and surveyed the surrounding country with a pleasing but melancholy interest. As his eye rested on Tubber Derg, he felt the difference strongly between the imperishable glories of nature's works, and those which are executed by man. His house he would not have known except by its site. It was not, in fact, the same house, but another which had been built in its stead. This disappointed and vexed him. An object on which his affections had been placed was removed. A rude stone house stood before him, rough and unplastered; against each end of which was built a stable and cow-house, sloping down from the gables to low doors at both sides; adjoining these rose two mounds of filth, large enough to be easily distinguished from the knoll on which he stood. He sighed as he contrasted it with the neat and beautiful farmhouse, which shone there in his happy days, white as a lily, beneath the covering of the lofty beeches. There was no air of comfort, neatness, or independence about it; on the contrary, everything betrayed the evidence of struggle and difficulty, joined, probably, to want both of skill and of capital. He was disappointed, and turned his gaze upon the general aspect of the country, and the houses in which either his old acquaintances or their children lived. The features of the landscape were, certainly, the same; but even here was a change for the worse. The warmth of coloring, which wealth and independence give to the appearance of a cultivated country, was gone. Decay and coldness seemed to brood upon everything he saw. The houses, the farmyards, the ditches, and enclosures, were all marked by the blasting proofs of national decline. Some exceptions there were to this disheartening prospect; but they were only sufficient to render the torn and ragged evidences of poverty, and its attendant—carelessness—more conspicuous. He left the knoll, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and putting it into his waistcoat pocket, ascended a larger hill, which led to the graveyard where his child lay buried. On his way to this hill, which stood about half a mile distant, he passed a few houses of an humble description, with whose inhabitants he had been well acquainted. Some of these stood nearly as he remembered them; but others were roofless, with their dark mud gables either fallen in or partially broken down. He surveyed their smoke-colored walls with sorrow; and looked, with a sense of the transient character of all man's works, upon the chickweed, docks, and nettles, which had shot up so rankly on the spot where many a chequered scene of joy and sorrow had flitted over the circumscribed circle of humble life, ere the annihilating wing of ruin swept away them and their habitations.

When he had ascended the hill, his eye took a wider range. The more distant and picturesque part of the country lay before him. "Ah!" said he, in a soliloquy, "Lord bless us, how sthrange is this world!—an' what poor crathurs are men! There's the dark mountains, the hills, the rivers, an' the green glens, all the same; an' nothing else amost but's changed! The very song of that blackbird, in thim thornbushes an' hazels below me, is like the voice of an ould friend to my ears. Och, indeed, hardly that, for even the voice of man changes; but that song is the same as I heard it for the best part o' my life. That morning star, too, is the same bright crathur up there that it ever was! God help us! Hardly anything changes but man, an' he seems to think that he can never change; if one is to judge by his thoughtlessness, folly, an' wickedness!"

A smaller hill, around the base of which went the same imperfect road that crossed the glen of Tubber Derg, prevented him from seeing the graveyard to which he was about to extend his walk. To this road he directed his steps. On reaching it he looked, still with a strong memory of former times, to the glen in which his children, himself and his ancestors had all, during their day, played in the happy thoughtlessness of childhood and youth. But the dark and ragged house jarred upon his feelings. He turned from it with pain, and his eyes rested upon the still green valley with evident relief. He thought of his "buried flower"—"his golden haired darlin'," as he used to call her—and almost fancied that he saw her once more wandering waywardly through its tangled mazes, gathering berries, or strolling along the green meadow with a garland of gowans about her neck. Imagination, indeed, cannot heighten the image of the dead whom we love; but even if it could, there was no standard of ideal beauty in her father's mind beyond that of her own. She had been beautiful; but her beauty was pensive: a fair yet melancholy child; for the charm that ever encompassed her was one of sorrow and tenderness. Had she been volatile and mirthful, as children usually are, he would not have carried so far into his future life the love of her which he cherished. Another reason why he still loved her strongly, was a consciousness that her death had been occasioned by distress and misery; for, as he said, when looking upon the scenes of her brief but melancholy existence—"Avourneen machree, I remimber to see you pickin' the berries; but asthore—asthore—it wasn't for play you did it. It was to keep away the cuttin' of hunger from your heart! Of all our childhre every one said that *you* wor the McCarthy—never sayin' much, but the heart in you ever full of goodness an' affection. God help me, I'm glad—an' now, that I'm comin' near it—loth to see her grave."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track bet ween ilwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, ilwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and inneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

The Tuam *Herald* says: "We are glad to see that the good nuns of the Presentation Convent, Tuam, have started what has been a long felt want in our midst—home industry. There has been no employment for the girls of this town when they left school. They were compelled to seek their living on a foreign shore. But now as the nuns have taken this matter up and have started a shirt and underclothing factory at the convent, we hope our drapers will support the nuns and give them the orders for goods which they get elsewhere, and enable the nuns to give employment to those girls and keep them at home from foreign countries, and keep the money in the country."

TO A YOUNG WOMAN.

You have asked me to write you a poem—
Alack, what a task you have set
For a slave, who is weak, but so willing
To bring to you all he can get
From the field of his fancy and feeling
And lay it down here at your feet,
Ashamed of the tribute he offers,
Because it is so incomplete.

Had you loaned me your eyes with their dreaming,
Had you loaned me your cheek with its glow,
Had you loaned me your brow with its sweetness,
Had you loaned me your brow with its snow,
Had you loaned me your voice with its music,
Had you loaned me your hand with its clasp,
Had you loaned me your heart with its promise—
What a poem would be in my grasp!

But all these treasures of beauty,
Of hope and affection and thought,
Into some other poet's poem,
I fear me, are already wrought,
And I take up my pen with doubting
To write a response to your call,
For the bricks I am making are strawless—
I can't write a poem—that's all.

—Detroit Free Press.

First Public Concerts.

Public concerts owe their direct encouragement to John Banister, who had won fame by his playing on the violin, and who succeeded the celebrated Baltzar as leader of Charles II's band of 24 violins. Pepys, in an entry in his dairy for February, 1667, tells us the court gossip of the day—"how the king's viallin Banister is mad that the king hath a Frenchman come to be chief of some part of the king's musique."

It was rumored that he was dismissed from the royal service for saying English violins were better than the French, a statement which was no doubt regarded as heretical, opposed as it was to the prevailing court view as to the superiority of France in all questions of taste, and especially with regard to music.

Banister's concerts at the close of the year 1672 were advertised in the London Gazette as follows: "These are to give notice that at Mr. John Banister's house (now called the Musick School), over against the George Tavern in White Fryers, the present Monday will be musick performed by excellent masters, beginning precisely at 4 of the clock in the afternoon, and every afternoon for the future precisely at the same hour."

Four years later on we read again: "At the Academy in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields will begin the first part of the Parley of Instruments, composed by Mr. John Banister." The admission was at this time as a rule a shilling, and these concerts seem to have been held pretty regularly down to within a short time of Banister's death, which took place in 1679.—Chambers' Journal.

Observation Cultivated.

A novel method of cultivating the faculty of observation in children has been introduced by a teacher in an up town kindergarten. She tells her pupils that she is about to have a call from some one who will remain only three minutes; that no one must directly stare at him, but that the pupil who gives the best description of him after his departure will receive a prize. The other day her father, a Grand Army veteran in uniform, performed the part of caller, and some of the personal descriptions after he had bowed himself out denoted unusually quick and accurate attention to detail. One boy had counted all his buttons and gave the number correctly, another noticed an almost invisible scar on his face, and various others gave details of the color and shape of his beard, hair and uniform. The one who received the prize was a little girl, who declared he had "an expression on his face."—Philadelphia Record.

Grip and Camphorated Oil.

During grip days camphorated oil does much good. It will often entirely dissipate symptoms of an influenza cold, to which persons who have had grip seem peculiarly liable. Rub across the forehead over and between the eyes. It is a relief, too, for the pains in the legs, which remain long after the attack is over. Rub with it around the muscles and knee joints, over and under. For this trouble, or for an exhausted condition following overwork, take one-half bay rum, one-fourth water and the rest spirits of ammonia, and rub the body well all over, particularly the legs and feet, and arms and hands.—New York Times.

A Costly Ton of Coal.

On Jan. 10, 1789, 13 men brought a wagon with a ton of coal from Loughborough in Leicestershire, to London, as a present to the then Prince of Wales. When they were emptied into the cellar, the clerk of the cellars gave them 4 guineas, and as soon as the prince was informed of it his highness sent them 20 guineas and ordered them a pot of beer each man. They performed their journey, which is 111 miles, in 11 days, and drew the coal all the way without any relief.—London Tit-Bits.

The law requires Albany saloons to close at a certain hour. The excuse of one violator, charged with keeping open all night, was that his brother had gone out of town, taking the keys with him, and he could not lock up.

The bee is an artistic upholsterer. It lines its nest with the leaves of flowers, always choosing such as have bright colors. They are invariably cut in circles so exact that no compass would make them more true.

Daniel Webster still lives to some people in this country. Letters are still occasionally received at Marshfield postoffice addressed to "Hon. Daniel Webster."

The Cathedral of Kazan in St. Petersburg has sold as many as 33,092 consecrated wax candles at prices ranging from 3 kopecks to a ruble apiece.

"Æsop's Fables," by Caxton, published in 1484, was the first book printed, it is said, with its pages numbered.

The grave need never associate with the gay unless they choose. But the gay must eventually go to the grave.

No. 1893 Men's Size. The World's Fair Watch. Solid Gold Decorated Watch. 14k. Gold Filled Case. Price $25.00.

No. 1893 is a genuine Waltham watch in one of the handsomest cases ever made. The works are nickel and contain compensation balance, safety pinion, stem wind and set and all the greatest improvements. The case is one of the thinnest filled gold watch cases ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, railroadmen and all others who wish a really first-class article. The full-size figure of Columbus on the back is made of raised solid gold. In his hand he holds a flag. On the front is a raised gold representation of the western hemisphere which is accurate in every detail. Around this "world" is a solid gold wreath. We shall withdraw this offer very soon because there are very few of these watches left. The supply will probably be exhausted by Dec. 1. Returnable in three days if not as guaranteed. Price, including safe delivery, only $25, in hunting case, and $23 in open face. Address

"THE CITIZEN," 69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

ONE GIRL'S FUNERAL.

It Was In the Early Days of Montana and Was Different From Most Funerals.

During the construction days of the Northern Pacific railroad many small towns were born that flourished until the road was completed and then died. The little story following actually occurred and made an impression on me that I shall never forget. To me there was a tinge of sadness that went straight to the heart. I occupied the exalted position of justice of the peace. Now, a justice of the peace in Montana in early days was a bigger man than the chief justice of the United States is today and had a perpetual variety entertainment. He married people, buried the dead, put out fires, took a drink with everybody, refereed dog fights, settled family rows, preached, made speeches and had to be ready for any kind of work. For this aggregation of duties he was called judge, but if he rendered a wrong decision his name was Dennis.

One cold morning I was waited upon by a delegation of gamblers and informed that one of the girls was dead. They said she had passed in her checks during the night, and as she was the slickest girl in the camp she was to have a 24 carat sendoff and no mistake. I went around to see the body to find out, if possible, the cause of her death. I was satisfied that the girl had taken morphine and died from the effects, and so I rendered my decision, which satisfied all. I set the hour for the funeral and returned to the cabin to prepare my remarks. There was not a Bible in the camp, and so I had to play it alone. It was a cold, stormy Montana winter day, and that added much to the sadness of the occasion. The grave was dug out among the pines, and a more God forsaken place it would have been hard to find, but it was the best we had or could get.

The hour arrived; the procession formed, myself in front of the pallbearers, consisting of gamblers, with the body in a rough pine box. Next came the girls of the town and the business men in the rear. We wended our way slowly to the last resting place, where, alone and unknown, amid the rocks and pines, with the awful stillness of the mountains, all that was earthly of that unfortunate girl would stay until the last day.

No one could pray; no one could sing. I poured out my soul to my God in my poor, stumbling way—told him all about it. We were unanimous in the belief that she was more sinned against than sinning, and would he in his infinite goodness and loving kindness forgive her, wipe out all the black spots on her soul, forget her past and save her for her soul's sake? Would he suspend all rules, throw open wide the portals of heaven, have sweetest music played on a thousand golden harps and bid that poor, tired, sin stained soul enter the realms of happiness, purity and rest?

It was our funeral, because everybody did all they could. There were but few of all kinds, to be sure, but humans with souls to save. There are many of the old boys scattered through the northwest who will recollect that stormy Montana day, and how we knocked at eternity's door for admittance for that girl's soul, and all will agree that our knocking was not in vain—that the gates were thrown open and forgiveness and rest came to her.—Orting Oracle.

An Exception to Nature's Laws.

According to the general laws of nature, when a body is cooled it becomes heavier than when it is hot. There is at least one exception to this rule, and that is in the case of water. Now, before you read further, shut your eyes and see if you can figure out just exactly how important this exception is to humanity. Cool a can or other vessel of water from, say, 70 degrees down to 40 degrees and then pour it into a tub of water the temperature of which is any place between 50 and 80 degrees. You will notice that the cold water will immediately sink to the bottom, and right here is an explanation of the mystery of river and lake circulation. But when your cooling process goes below 39 degrees, strange as it may seem, the water becomes lighter than it was when it was only one or two degrees warmer, and if poured into a tub heated as directed above will stay on top or immediately rise to that position. Now, let us suppose that water continued to get heavier as it got colder, as other bodies do; what would happen? Ice as soon as it formed would sink to the bottom, layer upon layer, and in this way seas, lakes and rivers would be frozen solid. But one freezing would do for all time, as the rays of the sun would not penetrate the thin skim of cold summer water to a sufficient depth to thaw the rigid mass. For us it is fortunate that there are "exceptions to all rules."—St. Louis Republic.

Treatment For Wounds.

Dr. Eichler, in the "Aerzt, Prakt," advocates Peru balsam as a dressing which causes lacerated wounds to heal quickly, its points of adaptation being that it adheres well and covers the entire surface of the wounds; it has a drying effect, but stimulates granulations, and following application a scab is formed under which healing goes on. Dr. Eichler states that its use is especially indicated in the treatment of wounds having a tendency to marked suppuration or partial gangrene, and in injuries of the hands and fingers the results are excellent. In practice, after coaptition of the margins of the wound, the Peru balsam is poured over the entire surface, which is then covered with thin layers of gauze moistened with balsam and an ordinary dressing. The latter may be left in place for several days, though it is an advantage to remove the outer dressing daily and moisten the gauze with the balsam without removing it from the wound. —New York Tribune.

Maori Women.

The Maori women are a potent factor in island life and must not be forgotten. Liquid dark eyes, soft voices, affectionate and merry dispositions, light brown skins of ivory smoothness and gracefulness in every movement are their most striking characteristics. Seldom are they to be seen in a passion, and not a single "cuss word" for man or woman is to be found in the vocabulary of this charming people. In the most furious rage they can only call each other cat, bullock, dog, goat, sheep or pig. The most deadly is wild duck, implying a child whom nobody will own.—Fortnightly Review.

Chewing Gum and Mal de Mer.

An English woman has made a discovery which she communicates to a magazine as follows: "I wonder how it is we know nothing of the wonderful America chewing gum as a remedy against seasickness. The other day, when crossing the terrible silver streak, an American lady kindly offered me a piece which she had obtained in New York. It was of a wafery looking consistency, flavored with pepsin, and it carried me safely over from Dover to Calais with perfect comfort."

Cumulative Proof.

A—I tell you, a year ago, we had 19 degrees of frost in Berlin.

B—Why, that isn't worth talking about; here in Dresden we have had as much as 30 degrees.

A—Thirty degrees? Nonsense!

B—It's perfectly correct—15 in the New Town and 15 in the Old Town.—Humoristisches.

The prisons of Morocco are the worst in the world. No care or attention whatever is given to the prisoners. They are left dependent on their friends for food, and if they have no friends the government provides only a bit of bread or a handful of grain daily to keep them alive.

A man was arraigned in a London court for creating a nuisance by playing a bagpipe. The court ruled that the bagpipe is a musical instrument, and he went scot free. Whether or not the decision is a musical one is a question.

Twelve steel plates from designs for illustrations to "Pickwick," made nearly half a century ago by Onwhyn, have been discovered in London, and prints from them have been published.

Dr. Boyd, at one time surgeon on the City of Rome, says in The Lancet that administrations of cholorbrom and attention to diet will insure the passenger immunity from seasickness.

FRENZY OF A FIEND

Makes Frightful Work at a Railway Station.

DEADLY FUSILLADE INTO A CROWD

Perpetrated by a Texas Desperado, Whose Characteristic Conduct Incites Some Men to Remonstrate—Three Men and a Baby Killed and a Woman Wounded by the Miscreant—The Murderer Arrested—Details of Chris Evans' Capture.

HOUSTON, Tex., Feb. 20.—There has been committed in the Grand Central station here one of the most horrible crimes in the history of Texas. Jim Mitchell, of Richmond, Fort Bend county, a man long known for a desperate character, shot to death three men, one little child, and wounded a woman. Mitchell had been in the city all day and had imbibed more or less of intoxicants, and when he went to the station was presumably in a fighting mood. No one knows exactly how the quarrel started between the desperado and the men to whom it resulted so fatally, together with the innocent child and woman, who had no part in the quarrel at all. As near as can be learned, however, the men, or some of them, not knowing the desperate character of Mitchell, attempted to remonstrate with him for boisterous and ungentlemanly conduct in the station.

Kill Four in Succession.

He resented the remonstrance and not only became more abusive, but threatening, and when others joined the first to remonstrate with Mitchell, the desperado pulled his revolver and began shooting with the foregoing result. The station was crowded,and when the shooting began there was a rush for the doors. The crowd was panic stricken with the exception of a few brave men, and many were badly hurt in the crush getting out of the station. Mitchell emptied his revolver, and with each shot some one fell—first the three men, then the woman, and last the little child. The noise of the shooting brought officers to the scene and Mitchell was taken into custody, making no resistance to arrest.

May Be Able to Prevent a Lynching.

He had been forgotten after the firing by the few who remained in the station to assist the victims, and was quietly reloading his revolver preparatory to shooting some one else or making his escape, when the officers took him and hurried him to jail. The news of the awful tragedy soon spread over the city and the most intense excitement prevailed. Men gathered from every quarter of the city, and soon a great throng surrounded the station and then the jail, and threats of lynching were heard on every side. Extra officers were placed on duty, and it is hoped that they may be able to prevent a lynching and the law will be allowed to take its course.

CAPTURE OF CHRIS EVANS.

His Proceedings Show How Badly He Needs to Stretch Hemp.

VISALIA, Cal., Feb. 20.—Details of the capture of Chris Evans show that a great mistake was made that he was not promptly hanged by the jury instead of given a life sentence. It would have been impossible for him to escape, as a large posse of officers and half of the town besides, all armed to the teeth, were thick around his refuge—his home here. It would have been stormed if he had not surrendered, although it was known that life would be sacrificed in the storming, so determined was everybody not to let the desperado get away alive.

It was here that he showed the instincts of his brutal nature. In the house was a Mrs. Brighton, who cared for it and his children. When Evans saw the armed men around he accused the woman's husband of betraying him, and as he was not present the brute knocked the woman down and kicked her and was only prevented from killing her by his companion Morrell. She is badly hurt and may not recover. Then he threatened to kill his brother-in-law, George Byrd, whose life was saved by his aged mother stepping between the men.

The two men were armed to the teeth with Winchester rifles, pistols, and abundance of ammunition. They had been kept on the move so much that they were worn out and had to have some rest, so they took the chances and came here. Both of them are in the county jail, Evans serene as if he was a good citizen, while Morrell is much downcast.

Labor Rioting at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Feb. 20.—A state of riot obtained all day at the new Stock Exchange building diagonally across the street from the city hall and police headquarters. It was caused by the fact that scores of men wanted to go to work on the building where there is a strike, and the union carpenters said they should not. Perhaps half a dozen arrests were made, although there were dozens of assaults, and the men arrested were promptly admitted to bail and back in the crowd in a few minutes. The contractors had about forty men at work under police protection. There was a good deal of clubbing done by the police.

The Trouble at Bessemer Over.

IRONWOOD, Mich., Feb. 20.—The drunken miners who created the disturbance at Bessemer evidently went to bed with heavy "jags," and none of them were seen in the streets there next day until late in the afternoon. Over a hundred special policemen are on duty at Bessemer. Mrs. Bronitti, generally known here as "Big Ida," headed a procession in Bessemer and carried a red flag, upon which were inscribed in flaming white letters: "Death to our oppressors."

Condoned a City's Illegal Action.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 20.—The court of appeals has handed down a decision of the highest importance to Kansas City. On the ground of public policy alone acts done at special meetings of the council for a period of nearly three years before June, 1892, all of which were illegal, are declared valid. In the opinion handed down it is stated that were it not for the momentous questions involved and the endless litigation which would ensue the acts would all be voided.

Cora Bell's Romance Is Ended.

YANKTON, S. D., Feb. 20.—Mrs. Chaska, nee Fellows, who was married at Cheyenne River agency three years ago to a Santee Sioux named Chaska, or Samuel Campbell, has found life with her dusky spouse unbearable, and is now living apart from him in a small town in southern Nebraska. Chaska has deserted Cora Bell and is living with a buxom Indian squaw.

M'KANE GETS SIX YEARS.

Sentence Pronounced Upon the Boss of Gravesend, L. I.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 20.—John Y. McKane has been sentenced to six years in the state's prison. When sentence was pronounced the defendant did not seem visibly affected but considerable surprise was expressed that the term was so long, though it was within the power of the court to have made it ten years instead.

Judge Bartlett in pronouncing sentence said: "I do not feel inclined to disregard the recommendation to mercy made by the jury. The crime which the defendant committed was a serious one. That great crime seems to be one that demands an emphatic sentence. The penalty should be so severe as to express due condemnation, while not so severe as to excite sympathy. The sentence of the court is that the defendant be imprisoned in Sing Sing state prison for six years."

McKane's conviction was reached by the jury last Thursday and his crime is that of aiding and abetting, if not actually participating in, election frauds which were perpetrated last November.

DISASTER ON THE DEEP.

Tug and Sixty Lives Lost Off the Coast of Nicaragua.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 20.—The tugboat Millard of the Nicaragua Navigation company has been lost off the Nicaragua coast, and sixty men have perished. A dispatch from London was received confirming the rumor. The tug, a boat of twenty tons' burden, in command of Captain Joe Thompson, was on its way from Greytown to Bluefields, conveying a number of men who were to work for the navigation company. No news of the vessel's arrival at its port of destination was received, and after several weeks of waiting for tidings the company gave it up for lost.

The Caribean sea is a dangerous body of water at all times, and a squall of unusual power blew across it some weeks ago. It is supposed the boat went down in that storm. Nothing can ever be known of the particulars of its loss, for none of the crew or passengers have, as far as known, lived to tell the tale. The finding of some wreckage was the first direct proof of the disaster.

VACANCY FINALLY FILLED.

Senator White Nominated to the Supreme Court and Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—Senator White of Louisiana has been nominated for associate justice of the supreme court. The nomination was a complete surprise to every one.

Upon receiving the nomination of Senator White the senate went into executive session and the nomination was at once confirmed.

Busy Day for a Coroner.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Feb. 20.—Sunday was Coroner Bond's busy day. He held inquests on the remains of five people who had met with sudden deaths. The first jury was called to investigate the cause of death of Martin Kumpe, shot by an unknown assassin. From Kumpe's the coroner went over to W. B. Spearman's, killed by a stroke of lightning on a raft on the Arkansas. The third case was that of F. M. Potter, stabbed to death in a saloon. Number four was old man Dooley, found dead in bed and the last a young man at Alexander, thrown off his horse and killed.

More Hawaiian Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—President Cleveland has submitted another batch of Hawaiian correspondence to congress. It contained letters from Mr. Willis noting the observance of the first anniversary of the establishment of the provisional government and a copy of Mr. Willis' reply to President Dole's letter in which the latter intimated that the United States gave evidences of intended hostility. The letter fully explained away all of Mr. Dole's grievances.

Cowhided a Barber.

FAIRFIELD, Ia., Feb. 20.—Mary Jackson and Eliza Bayren, two negro women, overheard William Hutchinson, a barber of their own color, indulging in uncomplimentary remarks regarding their character. One armed herself with a heavy cowhide and the other got a big trunk strap. With these they marched to Hutchinson's shop and beat him severely. The barber made no resistance. Both women were arrested.

Anarchist Plotters on Trial.

VIENNA, Feb. 20.—The trial of the twelve anarchists arrested September last, charged with conspiring against the life of Emperor Francis Joseph, has been begun. The desense asked that part of the proceedings be made public, but the court ruled that the trial should take place in secret. The proceedings promise to be memorable in the history of anarchy, as the case is one of the most sensational and romantic on record.

That Question of Vaccination.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 19.—Attorney General Moloney has written to the state's attorney of Wayne county to exert all dilligence in securing an early trial of the cases of the school directors fined for enforcing the order of the state board of health requiring the vaccination of school children, and if defeated to take the cases at once to the appellate and then to the supreme court,

Big Contract in Lumber.

DULUTH, Feb. 19.—Powers & Dwyer just closed a contract with the Hall & Ducey Lumber company, obtaining lumber for them in six townships a short distance west of Hibbing. The contract involves over 300,000,000 feet and is one of the largest ever made in the northwest. It is to extend over a period of fifteen years and involves about $1,500,000.

Insurgent Forces Defeated.

RIO JANEIRO, Feb. 19.—News has been received of an important victory in Pass Fundo. The local forces, commanded by Colonel Santos, Jr., met a detachment of 1,500 rebels and a sharp engagement followed. The insurgents lost 400 in the attack and the rest of the column was disbanded. Only sixteen men were lost by Santos.

National Legislature.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—In the house the struggle to secure a quorum to order the previous question on Bland's motion to close debate on the silver seigniorage bill was resumed.

In the senate the house bill limiting the indebtedness of Salt Lake city, Utah, was passed.

Postmaster at Indianapolis.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—The president has nominated Albert Sahm for postmaster at Indianapolis.

SURRENDER OF BANDITS

EVANS AND MORRELL ONCE MORE BEHIND THE BARS.

The Bandits Visit the Home of Evans, and When the Authorities Hear of It They Surround the House—Seeing Escape Is Impossible, the Bandits Surrender.

VISALIA, Feb. 20.—Evans and Morrell, the outlaws who escaped from the Fresno county jail some time ago, have surrendered to the authorities.

Marshall Gard and Sheriff Kay received word that the outlaws were at Evans' house, and together with a posse, went

CHRIS EVANS.

there and surrounded it. The officers hesitated to make an attack because Evans' children and a woman named Mrs. Brighton were in the house. A strong cordon was place around the house and half the town, drawn there out of curiosity to see the outcome of the affair, stood off a safe distance. Finally a young man named Beeson went up to the door of the house and knocked.

Letter for the Sheriff.

The door was at once opened and Beeson was pulled inside. The excitement then became intense. After a wait of about half an hour a son of Evans came out with a letter to Sheriff Kay. It was an offer from the bandits to surrender peaceably. The officers approached the house with caution, expecting a trap, but when they reached the door, it was opened and the bandits came out and surrendered their arms. They were at once taken to jail and locked up. Evans looks very haggard from his long hiding and Morrell realizes that in aiding his comrade to escape from the Fresno jail he has laid himself open to heavy punishment. The better class of people are pleased that the notorious men are once more behind the bars.

JAMES STONE HANGED.

The Murder of the Wratten Family Avenged by the Law.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Feb. 16.—James A. Stone, commonly known as "Bud" Stone, was executed at midnight in the state's prison south by Warden J. B. Patten for the murder of the Wratten family Sept. 18, 1893. The victims included Denson Wratten, his wife, three children, a boy 7 years of age and two girls, one 11 and the other 12 years old, and also Mrs. Wratten, aged 63, mother of Mr. Wratten. The scene of the crime was the Wratten farm, twelve miles from Washington, Ind. Stone's remains were taken charge of by his friends and shipped to his home at Washington, Ind., where they were interred.

Big Wheat Crop in Kansas.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 20.—A special to The Republic from Topeka, Kan., says: The grain men all say that the recent heavy snow will make a wheat crop of 100,000,000 bushels in Kansas. Despite the low price of wheat and the dry weather last fall, the area seeded was over 4,500,000 acres, according to the latest report of the state board of agriculture. That is a greater area than produced the phenomenal crop of 1892. The area that year was 4,300,000 acres. The official crop estimate was 72,500,000 bushels, but many of the best grain shippers in Kansas do not hesitate to declare that the state produced 100,000,000 bushels that year. Wheat from that crop is still coming to market.

News from Brazil.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—The navy department received a telegram from Admiral Benham stating that the dynamite cruiser Nictheroy had arrived off the harbor of Rio de Janeiro and that it was currently reported that the other ships of the Peixoto fleet would arrive off Rio on the 22d of this month coming from Bahia. This news would indicate that the long expected Brazilian naval engagement is likely to take place.

Bank Cashier Short.

OTTAWA, O., Feb. 19.—E. B. Hathaway, assistant cashier of the Exchange bank of this place, which a few days ago closed its doors, has been arrested, charged with embezzling $5,000 of the bank's funds. It is said that the shortage was discovered by the receiver and the arrest was made upon the latter's affidavit. Hathaway has been bound over to await the action of the grand jury.

Failure in Shoes.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 19.—A. A. Shumway & Co., wholesale shoe dealers at 623 Market street, have made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors, to George R. Pattison. The assignment followed on the confession of judgments amounting to $29,303, on a note dated Feb. 16, 1894, payable on demand. The general cause of the failure is the stagnation in the shoe market.

The Case of Assassin Prendergast.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—Patrick Eugene Prendergast, who is charged with the murder of Carter H. Harrison, was again brought into court. Judge Brentano sat on the north side to listen to the arguments for a new trial of the assassin's case.

Glass Works Resume Operations.

NOBLESVILLE, Ind., Feb. 19.—The Modes Glass works at Cicero, this county, employing 400 men, were formally started with a flourish of trumpets and brass bands. Everybody was given a souvenir cane.

Christening at the White House.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—The youngest child of the president was christened Esther Cleveland in the blue room of the executive mansion. Only members of the family and a few intimate friends were present.

John Monday of Yellow Springs, Tenn., was murdered and his body burned. He had $700 in his pocket.

Dorris Hammer was convicted of a Whitecap outrage at Double Springs, Ala., and fined $500. It was the first conviction of the kind in the state.

WRECKED AND ROBBED.

Nefarious Work of Desperadoes in California—Heavy Train Robbery.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 16.—The Southern Pacific train No. 20 was robbed at Roscoe station at about 1 o'clock in the morning. This is the same place that the same train was robbed about six weeks ago. The train was delayed in leaving and did not get away until about 11:30 at night. It was heavily loaded with passengers and the Wells-Fargo company's shipments were unusually heavy. The train reached Burbank, about six miles north of this city, and reported back all right. At Roscoe, four miles north of Burbank, there is no station but a siding. As the train approached this switch Engineer Thomas saw, too late, that the switch was misplaced and vainly tried to stop the train, but he could not do it, and the engine and two fruit cars of oranges went into the ditch, the engine turning over and burying the engineer and fireman. The two fruit cars were a total wreck. As soon as the wreck occurred three masked men sprang up out of the bushes and commenced a fusilade, and every one knew that the mission of the desperadoes was robbery. A few seconds later a couple of dynamite bombs were placed under the express car. The messenger refused to open the door and the whole side of the car was blown off.

Those shot by the robbers or injured in the wreck are: Fireman Arthur Masters, shot and killed while extricating himself from the wrecked locomotive; —— Granger, who was stealing a ride, shot and killed by robbers; Wells-Fargo express messenger, supposed to be buried under his car; Engineer David Thomas, probably fatally injured by falling off his locomotive; Brakeman Foster, cut on head and badly bruised.

The robbers made their escape with several strong boxes belonging to the Wells-Fargo Express company, containing currency and half a dozen sacks of gold. None of the passengers, so far as is known, with the exception of the tramp, Granger, was injured. The robbery was the most daring and cruel piece of work done in the west in years, and it is believed that Chris Evans and Morrell, the outlaws for whom California officers have been searching for months, planned and executed the crime. It is impossible to tell at present how much money the robbers secured, but as the express shipments were unusually large it is certain the gang got away with a rich haul. Posses of officers are scouring the country for the highwaymen.

PECKHAM IS REJECTED.

The Hill Men Win Another Victory in the Supreme Court Vacancy.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—The nomination of Wheeler H. Peckham to be associate justice of the United States supreme court was rejected by the senate. The

WHEELER H. PECKHAM.

vote was 40 to 33. Senator Vilas led the fight for Peckham and made a strong speech, but the Hill men had the battle won from the start.

WORK OF INCENDIARIES.

The Illinois Building at the World's Fair Damaged by Fire.

CHICAGO, Feb. 20.—Fire partly destroyed the Illinois state building at Jackson park. As there has been no fire in or around the building for months the only conclusion the firemen could reach was that the fire, like others at the fair grounds recently, was started by incendiaries. Wreckers have been at work tearing down the building for some time. All the flooring had been removed, and in fact there was little of anything left standing but the self-incased shell. The loss, therefore, was nominal. Four thousand dollars' worth of lumber was destroyed, but the loss will not fall on the South Park commissioners. Sloan & Co., recently purchased the structure for $1,650.

Encouraging in a Modest Way.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—The Iron Age says, speaking of the iron and metal trade: Taken all together the news of the week may be summarized as being encouraging in a modest way. The volume of the business is increasing, but the fact that prices in many lines are lower than ever shows conclusively that there are too many mills desperately hungry for work. Along the whole line of rolling mill products, with the exception of wire, the tremendous competition continues and lower prices have been made than ever before.

Nail Mill Resumes.

HAMMOND, Ind., Feb. 20.—The Lakeside Nail mill commenced operations with a full force of rollers. The nail cutters will go to work Wednesday. About two hundred and fifty skilled workmen will be employed in the cutting department. The East Chicago Iron and Steel works also began operations after an idleness of six months, on account of large orders. Both plants will be runs even days a week.

Killed by a Cable Car.

CHICAGO, Feb. 20.—H. S. Holden was killed at the entrance to LaSalle street tunnel. He was struck down by a trailer on a Wells street train north bound. His body was caught in the wheels and so badly mangled that death was almost instantaneous.

Collision on the Deep.

LONDON, Feb. 19.—The British steamers Clytha and Cadoxton came in collision in the Bristo channel, and the Clytha was so badly damaged that she sank almost immediately. Seven of her crew were drowned.

Removed by Governor Rich.

LANSING, Mich., Feb. 20.—Governor Rich has removed the state officers charged with "stuffing" the vote in favor of increasing state salaries. The removed officials have appealed to the supreme court.

FOR ILLINOIS READERS

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Telegraphic Reports of Events Which Have Occurred During the Past Few Days in Our Own State—Crimes, Casualties and Other Matters of Interest.

PEORIA, Ills., Feb. 15.—On the last day of January Robert Jones entered McCoy's wholesale grocery story, on South Washington street, and fired four shots at his father, William Jones without a word of warning, three of which took effect. His left eye was shot out and other serious injuries were inflicted from which he has not yet sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital. The son was indicted and was Tuesday arraigned in the circuit court on a charge of assault with intent to kill.

He pleaded guilty, but the judge refused to accept the plea and appointed a commission of three physicians to test his sanity. They subsequently reported he was sane and did the act through pure maliciousness. The plea of guilty was then accepted and he was shortly after sentenced to ten years in the Joliet penitentiary. This case was the most quickly disposed of case in this county in a number of years.

CONNECTS TWO CITIES.

Articles of Incorporation Filed for the Rock River Electric Railway.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 19.—Articles of incorporation of the Rock River Electric Railway company were filed with the secretary of state. The road is to be built from Rockford, Winnebago county, to Dixon, in Lee county. The capital stock is $500,000, and the principal office will be maintained in Rockford. The incorporators and first board of directors are: James S. Tickner, George E. King and Harry B. Andrews, all of Rockford; Jason C. Ayres of Dixon and Ward G. Jones of Oregon.

The Poor Man's Party.

SHELBYVILLE, Ill., Feb. 16.—The new party calling itself the Poor Man's party since organizing in town has been spreading to outside townships. Organizations have been effected in Okaw and Rose. Local Democratic politicians are becoming somewhat alarmed, as the new movement seems likely to interfere with their plans. Republicans are heartily enjoying the situation, though feeling the movement will not amount to much.

Retail Grocers Adopt New Rules.

PEORIA, Ills., Feb. 15.—The delegates to the Retail Grocers' association of Illinois began their session by visiting the wholesale groceries, confectioneries and packing houses of this city. When the morning session opened, after an address by Mayor Medill of Rock Island, the new constitution was taken up, discussed and adopted. The principal object is to regulate the matter of credit and kill off dead beats.

A Fight Over Vaccination.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 16.—The state board of health has received word from the school directors of Mount Erie, Wayne county, that they had been fined for expelling from school pupils who had not complied with the order for vaccination. The cases were appealed to the county court, and if the decision is sustained they will be taken to the higher courts as a test.

The Illinois State Fair Grounds.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 17.—The committee of the state board of agriculture on the construction of buildings for the state fair has hired Rinaker & Shinn, of Springfield, as supervising architects to Jan. 1, 1895, at a salary of $1,800. They decided to erect an exposition building to cost $45,000 and to expend $15,000 in erecting a grand stand to seat $10,000 people.

Held to the Grand Jury.

LINCOLN, Ills., Feb. 15.—Ida Shelles and Georgia Williams, the two girls charged with entering into a conspiracy to destroy the Logan county jail with dynamite to effect the release of Arthur D. Goodpasture, the convicted leader of a gang of thieves and swindlers, were accorded a preliminary hearing and bound over to await grand jury action.

Illinois Lumber Dealers.

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—The fourth annual convention of the Illinois Retail Lumber Dealers' association was opened at the Tremont house. About sixty-five delegates, representing 220 members were in attendance. President W. H. Hunter of Paxton called the meeting to order. The annual banquet was held in the evening at the Tremont.

Indicted for Murder.

MONTICELLO, Ills., Feb. 15.—Thomas Lloyd was indicted for murder in the first-degree for killing Frank Stucker in a fist fight at Blue Ridge two weeks ago. Daisy Deppo and two other girls of respectable families were also indicted for a systematic robbery of stores. The Deppo girl is under arrest, but the other two cannot be found.

Unlucky Number for the Negro.

MASCOUTAH, Ills., Feb. 15.—John W. Bynum, a negro ex-convict, was found guilty in the St. Clair county court of breaking into a chicken house and stealing thirteen chickens. The unlucky number and the man's record was a bad combination and the jury gave him twenty years in the penitentiary.

Missing Man Found.

BENTON, Ills., Feb. 20.—A telegram just received here says that John D. Denning, the wealthy stockman who disappeared in East St. Louis Jan. 24, and who was supposed to have been murdered, has been found. No further particulars are obtainable at present.

Deliberate Suicide.

CHICAGO, Feb. 20.—Henry Hoyer of 210 West Huron street went home, dressed himself with great care and deliberation, announced that he was preparing himself for his funeral and wanted to do it right, and then seated himself before the fire and cracked jokes with his friends. After a final survey of himself in the glass and after a final brushing of his clothes to remove a few specks of dust, he deliberately drew a revolver from his hip pocket and blew out his brains before any one could stop him. He had quarreled with his wife.

Rescued Those Russian Fishermen.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—A St. Petersburg dispatch to The Times says that the fishermen who were carried off on an icefloe which broke away from the coast of Ingermann were rescued on a bridge of pole planks which had been laid across the ice. The rescue took place after the fishermen had been forty-eight hours adrift. Their safe return was the occasion of the greatest excitement and enthusiasm.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

The philosophical faculty of the University of Heidelberg have resolved that women students can be admitted to the degree of doctor there.

The St. Paul Chamber of Commerce adopted resolutions against the income tax provision of the Wilson bill.

The Standard Oil company deposited money to cover its tax debt at Crown Point, Ind., and will sue for its recovery.

A protracted meeting has just closed at Woburn, Ills., at which forty-two converts were baptized in three weeks, six through the ice.

Fred Schopp of Mascoutah, Ills., left home on a hunting expedition, but was stricken with apoplexy and died.

The 6-year-old daughter of Edward Flannigan was fatally burned at Rockford, Ills.

James Gordon Bennett daily grows more to resemble his father. His hair and mustache have become white and his walk and general manner are like those of the elder Bennett.

Minnie Kasilka became insane at Dubuque, O., on the refusal of her lover, Philip Launspach, to marry her. She walked seven miles barefoot and was badly frozen.

* * *

The body of Daisy Brown of Warsaw, Ind., was found in the Tippecanoe river. It is believed she drowned herself.

Wool growers of North Dakota met at Bismarck and adopted resolutions against the tariff bill.

E. F. Thomas was waylaid and robbed at Chatsworth, Ia., of $315. There is no trace of his assailant.

John Weatherwax, a carpenter, was run over and killed by a train at Portsmouth, O.

Amiel Metzer, who has just returned to Anna, Ills., from Chicago, has been stricken with smallpox.

Harvard college will send an expedition to Arizona March 1 to locate a new astronomical observatory station.

Mrs. John Sherwood, newspaper writer, has started an organization called Kind Words. Its object is to aid girls and women in getting employment.

Bloomington, Ills., Grand Army men favor holding the national convention in Atlanta, Ga.

C. S. Hudson, formerly pastor of the Anderson, Ind., Methodist church, has become insane.

* * *

The council of Schuyler, Neb., is investigating alleged crooked work by officials.

Gray wolves have killed a number of sheep in the vicinity of Bloomington, Ills.

Henry Eggleston was arrested at Dowagine, Mich., charged with abducting the 14-year-old daughter of Henry Soper. The couple were married, Eggleston giving the girl's age at 16.

Because a juror was drunk during the first trial, the case of Cyrus Brown, wife murderer, was appealed to the Indiana supreme court.

A defect in the indictment made it necessary to file a new case against John W. Paris, charged with embezzlement, at Frankfort, Ind.

The report of Colorado's coal mine inspector shows the coal output of that state for 1893 to have been 3,947,056 tons.

The office of the city treasurer at Rock Island, Ills., was robbed of $239, city tax collections.

Hermsen & Luby of Neola, Ia., have assigned. Creditors will receive 60 cents on the dollar of their claims.

* * *

William Alford, better known as "Oyster Bill," a desperado, was shot and killed by Andy Kaufman, his 19-year-old stepson, at Louisville.

General de Gallifet and his staff will be mounted on bicycles at the spring manœuvers of the French army.

Fred Lehman was fatally injured in a boiler explosion on James Snyder's farm near Benton, O.

Hanson Hoover of Huttonsville, W. Va., is in jail at Beverly on a charge of killing his brother Lansisco.

Ernest C. Cavo and Joseph C. Hughes of New Orleans have sued the Louisville and Nashville railroad for $50,000 damages for bodily injuries received in the wreck at Gulf Port last year.

John Comingo and William Graves were arrested on indictments charging them with murdering Joshua Mitchell at Leesburg, Ky. Mitchell was killed by fifty Whitecaps. More indictments are to be served.

The new chaplain of the house of representatives is only 28 years old, the youngest man who ever held the position. He is very popular. His prayers are short.

* * *

Henry Fisher was convicted of burglary at Mascoutah, Ills., and sentenced to twenty years in the southern Illinois penitentiary.

Mayor Gilroy of New York has just received from an admirer in Cork a Kilkenny cat.

Scarlet fever has made its appearance at Carlyle, Ills., ten cases being reported. No deaths have occurred.

The New Nation, which was started some time ago by Mr. Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," has suspended publication.

Gold placers have been found near Espanola, N. M.

Rider Haggard has taken to farming in the Waveney Valley in England and does little literary work except in the colder months.

Miss Gertrude Kelly of Richmond, Ind., unsuccessfully attempted to kill herself while despondent over the death of her lover, Governor Chase, a namesake of ex-Governor Ira J. Chase, who killed himself a few days ago.

WHENEVER I see Hood's Sarsaparilla now I want to bow and say

'Thank You'

I was badly affected with **Eczema** and **Scrofula Sores,** covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad, the **eyelids so sore** it was painful opening or closing them. For nearly a year I was deaf. I went to the hospital and had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from one eye. One day my sister brought me

Mrs. Paisley.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which I took, and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, nausea.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 24, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—
The Prodigal Daughter.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
Roland Reed in "Pawn."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
Aristocracy.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—
Aristocracy.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—
"The Black Crook."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—
"Sport McAllister."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ENGLISH OFFICERS ON AMERICAN STRATEGY.

The late General Grant was the embodiment of commonsense in war. He was by no means a military meteor, nor did he ever appeal to his soldiers in spirit-stirring proclamations. He, rather, relied on his own judgment and on their capacity for steady fighting. As military orators, American generals have, for the most part, been conspicuous failures. American troops are not emotional. They go into a battle with cool heads and keep their wits about them under the most trying circumstances. They may not be as good specimens of dress parade exactness as the European warriors, but, as individual fighters, they are excelled by no other troops. This continent is yet too young to furnish accommodations for the showy evolutions of great armies. The War of the Rebellion was fought out mostly in tigled jungles, where the movements of army corps had to be directed by compass, and where regular lines of battle were, generally speaking, impossible. And this was particularly true of the Wilderness campaign, in Virginia, which began on May 4, 1864, when the fords of the Rapidan were crossed by the Union army, under General Grant, and ended with the first unsuccessful assault on Petersburg, June 16, of the same year. It was one of the bloodiest campaigns in history—the Confederates, under General Lee, fighting on an inner line, familiar with the country and furnished with information of all our important movements by sympathizing Virginians of both sexes. The Confederates lay in their intrenchments and waited for our men to come up to them. They did not have long to wait. Never did troops exhibit more heroic devotion than the soldiers of the Union army. They fought under circumstances the most discouraging. They fed death by platoon, by company, by battalion, by regiment, but refused to run! The woods took fire, burning wounded and unwounded alike, and still they were immovable. Every copse vomited destruction, but nothing could daunt these devoted men, mostly drawn from the plough, the loom and the workshop, and all averse to war! They fought for a great principle. They fought foes equally brave, but loaded down with the worst cause that ever sword was drawn for. These two American armies, united, could have conquered the world, if the world had made war on them, in 1864. They were the survival of the fittest, after three years of the most unheard of bloodshed and privations. They illustrated the fact that, although America is not military from choice, she is warlike, when necessity calls for it, as many a bloody field has amply attested.

Among the British military men there has always been a sneaking kindness for the rebel generals and army. Lee has been held up to admiration as a very great general, although he was a man of mediocre military talent, as was proven at Antietam, and subsequently at Gettysburg, when he committed the unpardonable, although, for us, fortunate blunder of sending a weak division over nearly a mile of exposed ground to pierce the centre of the Union army! No wonder that General Pickett, who headed the famous charge, never spoke to him afterward! Against the advice of Longstreet, the charge was made and repulsed. Had Sheridan been in Meade's place, the Union countercharge would have settled the fate of the Rebel army on the field of Gettysburg, and thus have saved nearly two more years of mutual slaughter. But Meade committed the same fault that McClellan committed at Antietam, when he failed to throw Porter's fresh corps on the exhausted ranks of the retreating Confederates. Grant never stood on ceremony. He didn't care who said he had twice as many soldiers as his opponent. If he had had five times as many, he would have used them and thus have terminated the war all the sooner. He knew the only way to wear out the Southern resistance was to keep hammering at Lee's army, and his "process of attrition" at length settled a question that the finest schools of mere strategy were unable to settle. Therefore, we repeat, Grant was a soldier of the commonsense school.

Col. G. F. R. Henderson, of the British army, recently lectured in Dublin, before a meeting of the Military Society, of which Gen. Lord Wolseley is president, on "The Wilderness Campaign." In the course of his observations he said:

"The American brain had evolved many new maneuvers, which would be used in future. After three years' warfare, the American armies, North and South, were quite as good as regular troops. The strength of the Confederates under Lee, in the Wilderness, was 63,000 men, while Grant had 120,000." After giving some account of the fighting in the Wilderness, Col. Henderson said: "Grant then moved forward to a position which was regarded as the turning point of the war and of the history of the United States. He resolved, instead of retreating, to march on Richmond, changing his base of supplies. He set out on a midnight march toward that city and the race between the two armies began. Owing to the action of their cavalry, the Confederates reached Spottsylvania, the most important point on the road to Richmond, before the Federals. The two armies became intrenched opposite each other, and the nine days' battle of Spottsylvania began. After two days spent in reconnaissances the real fighting commenced. Grant always broke through the intrenchments, but on each occasion Lee, by his clever generalship, drove him back. After the attack of the 18th of May the cost had been about the same as at the Wilderness. Grant then moved forward on the left, again changing his base of supplies so as to force Lee to attack him. But Lee took up a remarkably good position on the North Anna river, and completely out maneuvered his opponent in the battle which followed, during which Lee was ill. Grant got himself out of the bad position in which he was, and started forward again, changhis base of supplies for the third time. On June 3d was fought the indecisive battle of Cold Harbor, after which Grant moved forward into the peninsula again. Grant changed his base no less than five times, and as a result no difficulty was experienced in supplying his men with food and ammunition. The finish of the campaign was the successful crossing by Grant of the James river, which was as broad as the Danube at Vienna. This was Grant's last chance to beat Lee, and he very nearly did beat him, but for the failure on the part of his subordinates to capture Petersburg."

Colonels Dundas, Lyttleton, Lascelles and Major Vernon then took part in the discussion, and in reply to some of their questions, Col. Henderson declared that the tactics of the Wilderness campaign would be the tactics of the future.

This remark brought General Lord Wolseley to his feet, who said that "the Wilderness campaign was fought in a country utterly unlike that of the campaign of 1870. In Virginia they had to deal with conditions utterly different from those of Western Europe. The country was a purely infantry country, and in it he never saw a place where cavalry could charge 150 yards and artillery could be of little use. In the study of the art of war, thinking was of vital importance. Read a little and think much, that was his advice. Although the troops on both sides in the American war were wonderfully good, he never could class them as being as good as the regular troops. To do so would be to deprecate the necessity for regular armies. The thing to remember in all descriptions of the American war was that the South was generally outnumbered by the North, and he should also observe that no officer became famous in that campaign who had not been an officer before in the regular army. One reason why the Southerners, with inferior troops, were able to hold their own for so long was that there was in their ranks a much larger number of regular officers than in their opponents' army."

THE CITIZEN is obliged to General Wolseley for his admission that he would only condemn regular armies by admitting the superiority of American volunteer troops. Yet, as a matter of fact, American volunteers whipped the British regulars out of their boots at Concord, Lexington and, practically, at Bunker Hill. The same class of troops made hares of Pakenham's superb division of regular English veterans, fresh from the Peninsula, at New Orleans. Other instances might be given, but these will suffice for the present. General Wolseley is also wrong in saying that no American officer of the Civil War reached distinction who had not been previously in the regular army. Gen. John A. Logan, of this State, who commanded the Army of the Tennessee at Atlanta after McPherson's death, was a volunteer officer, and he rose to great distinction. So, also, did Gen. James Shields, who defeated Stonewall Jackson; Benjamin F. Butler, Gen. Phil Kearney, Gen. Frank P. Blair, who commanded the Seventeenth Army Corps; Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Gen. John M. Palmer, of Illinois, who commanded the Fourteenth Army Corps, and many others. It was only natural that men trained to war should take highest rank in the service, but, had there been no West Pointers, America would have furnished generals from among the people, as she furnished Washington, Jackson and Winfield Scott, when necessity arose for their services. With the exception of Davoust, Marmont and Berthier, all of Napoleon's great marshals rose to fame from civil life. Trained soldiers are not to be despised, but they do not furnish all the military brains in this world.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Our city and country subscribers, who have received their January bills, and also those whose subscriptions have since fallen due, will oblige THE CITIZEN greatly by remitting the amounts without putting us to the trouble and expense of sending further notification by mail. The trouble of sending, or bringing in, a subscription is very slight, and the courtesy is always appreciated. We desire to bill our friends as seldom as possible, but, if they keep forgetting, we are reluctantly compelled to that mode of reminding them. Send, therefore, your check, postoffice order, express order, or registered letter, covering the amount of your indebtedness, and accept our thanks in advance.

COLLECTOR MARTIN J. RUSSELL.

At length the Washington sphynx has nodded and spoken. The Federal appointments have been announced and sent for confirmation to the senate as follows: Collector of customs, Martin J. Russell; sub-treasurer, Delos P. Phelps; appraiser, Frank G. Hoyne; marshal, J. W. Arnold.

Nobody is surprised at the appointment of Mr. Russell, who has been a presidential, as well as a local, favorite from the first. Mr. Hoyne is also a popular Chicagoan, who held the office of appraiser under the former Cleveland administration. Mr. Phelps hails from Monmouth, and Mr. Arnold from Lockport, Ill. These two latter appointments are credited exclusively to Senator Palmer, aided and abetted by Ben Cable.

All Chicagoans, without regard to party ties, are glad of the appointment of Martin J. Russell, the brave Union soldier, able journalist and exemplary citizen. He was born in this city in 1846, and his father, Capt. Martin Russell, lost his life at the post of duty while in command of a vessel on the great lakes. His mother was a sister of Col. James A. Mulligan, of heroic memory. Martin J. received his rudimentary education at the public schools in this city, but, being always a devoted student, he is one of the best read men in literature, history and politics to be found in Chicago. At the early age of sixteen, he accompanied Col. Mulligan, his uncle, to Missouri, and, although not enlisted, participated in the defense of Lexington against the army of Gen. Price. When the regiment commanded by Col. Mulligan surrendered on honorable conditions, Mr. Russell was allowed to return to this city, and, on the formation of the Twenty-third Illinois Volunteers, under Mulligan, he obtained the commision of second lieutenant and was subsequently appointed assistant adjutant general, when the Colonel was appointed to the command of a brigade. Mr. Russell's commission dated from Nov. 1, 1861, and he served with distinguished merit in the Virginia campaigns. Col. Mulligan was mortally wounded at the second battle of Winchester, July 24, 1864. He fell into the hands of the Confederates, and Lieut. Russell, under a flag of truce, accompanied Mrs. Mulligan to the bedside of the gallant soldier, where they arrived too late to receive his latest breath.

Mr. Russell entered the newspaper profession in 1868, as a reporter on the old Chicago *Evening Post*. In 1873 he became one of the *Times* city staff and in 1876 was made editor of the *Telegram*, Mr. Storey's afternoon paper. When that failed Mr. Russell went back to the *Times*. In 1883 he became connected with the *Herald* and remained its editor-in-chief until 1886. Later he became editor of the *Times* again. He severed his connection with that paper last summer, because of the attitude of hostility assumed by the management toward the administration. Mr. Russell has been a public officer, as member of the Hyde Park board of education from 1874 to 1880; village clerk of Hyde Park from 1876 to 1880, and member of the South Park board, having been appointed to that office by the circuit judges of Cook county in 1880, and reappointed in 1885. Mr. Russell was married in 1873 to Miss Celia C. Walsh, and nine children were born of the union, all of whom are living. In person, Mr. Russell is tall and stalwart, with a strong intellectual face. His dark gray eyes are shaded by glasses. He has a deep, sonorous voice, and is among the most pleasing after-dinner speakers in the country. Unfortunately, he is, in principle, a very low tariff man—almost bordering on free trade—and on this policy it is hardly necessary to say that we differ from him diametrically. But the collector of customs has nothing to do with legislation, and THE CITIZEN believes that Mr. Russell will make a model Federal officer. THE CITIZEN congratulates its old friend and fellow-journalist most heartily.

THE LORDS' IDIOCY AND THE IRISH QUESTION.

Mr. Gladstone is, undeniably, a great political tactician. He has methods which chafe the fiery blood of some of his followers, but, when they come to be examined, they will be found to be based on a thorough knowledge of English human nature. This knowledge, wondrously profound, is the secret of Gladstone's apparent conservatism. He would not be the first to make a movement hostile to an English tradition, as in the case of the house of lords, because he knows the English, in a sentimental way, dearly love a lord, but he allows the lords to get themselves disliked, and then he delivers them over to rebuke, if not destruction. Gladstone, himself, is no enemy of the peerage, but he finds he can do nothing to make his name and policy immortal until he has rid himself of their obstruction. Harcourt said last week "give them rope enough." They are getting it. Never, since 1832, was popular feeling in Great Britain so excited against the lords. It is said that the old Queen, who has a level German head on her Stuart shoulders, sees plainly the gathering of the storm and wishes to save the lords, who buttress her throne. But she cannot do it. The provocation to the masses has been extreme, and the peers are doomed to restriction—perhaps to extinction as a political factor. The following London telegram, dated Tuesday, is full of omen:

"In the house of commons today the secretary for Scotland, Sir George O. Trevelyan, in reply to a question, said the amendments of the house of lords had rendered the Scotch fisheries regulation bill useless, and the government would, therefore, abandon it. When the cheering had somewhat subsided, Donald MacGregor, member for Inverness, exclaimed: 'I want to ask the premier how long the government is going to tolerate——' The speaker sternly cried: 'Order, order.' Mr. MacGregor subsided without finishing what he evidently intended to be an attack upon the house of lords. In the house of lords, by a vote 137 to 22, the peers rejected Peyton Cobb's amendment to the employers' liability bill, which the government accepted as a compromise, and resolved to adhere to its own amendments. The house of lords then adjourned. The government will now abandon the employers' liability bill.

"The *Chronicle* says that Mr. Gladstone will take the field against the house of lords, and will move in a comprehensive form the total rejection of the amendments to the employers' liability bill, and adding that the measure is ended and that the lords will hardly carry the contest further."

The abandonment of the very important British measures mentioned is strong evidence that the Gladstone government is resolved not to give the lords a chance to repent and recant. They are, therefore, placed before the British people in an odious light, and, in the campaign which is now imminent, their limitation, or abolition, will be the salient question. This much is certain: The house of lords, as at present constituted, will cease to exist. There may be a house corresponding to it established, on the elective principle, with conservative restrictions on the franchise, as in the case of the upper chamber, or council, proposed in the Irish Home Rule bill. The house of lords, as it now exists, is out of tune with the century. It is a relic of feudal barbarism—aristocracy tempered by bastardy. The house is not composed, as a majority, of those whose ancestors followed the flag of William at Hastings, or the Leopards of Richard the Lion Heart in Palestine. The present hereditary rulers of Great Britain and Ireland, excepting the Howards, the Russells and the Temples in England; the Hamiltons and Douglasses in Scotland and the Fitzgeralds, Butlers and St. Lawrences in Ireland, are comparatively modern, and, mostly, crossed by the bar sinister. There may be other exceptions than those mentioned, but they are few. Leaving out the bastard descendants of John of Gaunt, Charles II, three of the Georges, and one of the Williams, we find the peers mostly made up of the descendants of the male favorites of weak kings, "Union" lords from Scotland and Ireland, and successful lawyers, or men of affairs in some other direction. Thus, if the English come to analyze their upper house, they will find in it little to reverence and much to blush for. The memory of Nell Gwinne can never die so long as some of the English dukedoms live.

But how will all this affect the cause of home rule? Will England without the lords be as intractable as England with the lords? Cromwell got rid of the peers, but that did Ireland no good. However, this is a different age, and Gladstone isn't Cromwell. THE CITIZEN has little faith that England will ever let go her grip on Ireland until she has to; and that means a good deal more than agitation, resolutions and subscriptions for election expenses. It is our strong conviction that, had the old Fenian organization kept up its honest struggle, in Ireland, Great Britain and America, instead of surrendering its independence at the era of "the new departure," Ireland would have self-govment, if not absolute freedom, today. There has been too much politics, too much trimming, too much flapdoodle, and too much pure cussedness in the "moral force" movement to make Ireland better and braver than she was before the good old "argument of kings" was put aside to make room for flatulent patriotism in the British house of commons. The Irish parliamentary party of today, torn by internecine strife, hampered by imbecility, and ridden to death by ambitious demogogues, is a spectacle to gods and men. One good purpose of a general election would be to enable the Irish people to get rid of at least three-fourths of their present misrepresentatives, including the "leaders" of the different coteries, who cannot agree in the face of the common enemy. May God scourge them, the selfish, besotted fools, or knaves!

MICHAEL HANLEY IS MAD.

Now we are ruined entirely. Michael Hanley, of Indianapolis, is mad—mad as a March hare, although it is only February—with THE CITIZEN and its wicked editor. Here is what Michael has to say to us:

"INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 18—*Editor of The Citizen:* Enclosed you will find my contract with your paper, viz the Chicago CITIZEN, fulfilled. The paper still continues to come. My contract is out, and I desire your paper no longer; please discontinue it and you will oblige me.

"And furthermore, in view of the fact that the Irish people of Indianapolis sent a cordial invitation to John F. Finerty of Chicago to attend at a meeting of the Irish people of Indianapolis to celebrate the anniversary of Robert Emmet on March 4; this communication was sent about six or seven weeks ago, but Mr. John Finerty did not think it worth his notice to answer our communication; but the Irish of Indianapolis can get along, all the same. We could excuse him if he sent us a few lines stating that he could not attend to our call;—but to ignore us in such a way as he did we can't understand the reason.

MICHAEL HANLEY,
297 South East Street.

We hope Mr. Hanley's patriotism, or intelligence, may not suffer by the absence of THE CITIZEN from his home. He is one of a pretty numerous class of our fellow countrymen who have hair-trigger tempers, and who shoot off their pens, or their tongues, on the smallest provocation. Mr. Finerty never received the invitation from Indianapolis referred to by Mr. Hanley. It is also news to Mr. Finerty that Mr. Hanley represents the Irish-American people of Indianapolis. It seems to us that we never heard of this particular Michael Hanley before, and we are glad to have this opportunity to take his light from under a bushel and let his friends and neighbors know how great a man he is—at least in his own estimation. If Mr. Hanley were a considerate gentleman, as we suppose he is an ardent patriot, he would have, at least, repeated his invitation before flying into a rage for nothing. In this holy season of Lent, particularly, Mr. Hanley shouldn't let his angry passions rise. He needs a lesson in patience, charity, and Christian meekness. Poor Mr. Hanley!

THEY WANT GOVERNMENT HORSE DOTORS.

Ireland wants horse-doctors. That is a pretty good sign of the country. An Irish exchange, of recent date, says that "the deputation which waited upon Mr. Morley to explain the necessity for establishing a Veterinary College in Ireland will have effected much good, even if it does not succeed in achieving its immediate purpose, by awakening public attention to the monstrous disability under which this country suffers. The State has established and assisted—directly or indirectly—similar colleges in England and Scotland, but Ireland has been excluded from all help. A young Irishman desirous of joining the veterinary profession must expatriate himself for four years on an average, and the expense is often prohibitive. There is no more reason for compelling Irishmen to go to the London or Edinburgh veterinary colleges than there would be for making them cross the Channel to learn law or medicine. Mr. Morley was courteous to the deputation—courtesy costs nothing—admitted the force of the remarks made by the different members of the deputation, and warned them not to be sanguine that immediate help would come from the government. We would suggest to the chief secretary that this particular phrase in his answers to deputations is becoming monotonously familiar."

We wish that Ireland had no more serious complaint against England than the absence of government horse doctors. It seems to us that the public horse sense of the country would suggest to it to get up a college of horse doctors, without government aid. Do Irish "Nationalists" suppose that any kind of a decent Irish horse would tolerate the attentions of a government horse doctor? Any kind of half-spirited animal would kick out his brains. Mr. Morley must have smiled to himself when the government horse doctors were proposed. Why not also government cow doctors? Let the Irish go to work themselves and manufacture their own horse doctors. That's how we do it in this country, you know.

REV. FATHER BROWNE.

The funeral of the Rev. Father J. J. Browne, of Mobile, Ala., occurred on Saturday of last week, from the Church of the Annunciation, where solemn high mass was celebrated. The celebrant was Rev. F. O'Gara McShane, who was assisted by Rev. Richard Dunne and Rev. James F. Clancy. Rev. P. McLaughlin was master of ceremonies, and the funeral sermon was preached by Father Thomas P. Hodnett. The pallbearers were M. Connell, James Cavarly, James Burke, H. Mongovin, Antony Wier and Charles Hawley. The remains were sent to Mobile, where they will be interred. Father Browne's home was in Mobile, but for some time past he had been assistant pastor of the Church of the Annunciation. He also was, for several years, pastor of a leading Catholic church at Birmingham, Ala. Father Browne was an eloquent preacher and a cultivated scholar. We have received the following letter from the Rev. M. J. Clifford, of Rome, Ga., for which we gladly make space:

[*To the Editor.*]

ROME, Ga., Feb. 18.—You chronicle in your issue of the 17th the death of one, unknown probably in Chicago, but known by the largeness of his heart, and by the heroism of his deeds, not alone in Alabama, as you mention, but all over the South. Father Browne's was, and has been, a household name all over the Southern States the past twenty years. His generosity of spirit and his goodness of heart—his unselfishness, almost to a fault, brought upon him the ailment which compelled him to seek relief at the springs of Wisconsin, and social solace from good Father McShane. He had no enemies in life, and in death the prayers of tens of thousands were sent aloft today for Father Browne. May he rest in peace. M. J. CLIFFORD.

ROOSEVELT LECTURES THE "FOREIGNERS."

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is a bright man, and a good man—free from bigotry and bigheadism; but he goes too far in his doctrine of exclusive Americanism. Thus, in a letter recently published in a St. Paul newspaper, he says:

"Every foreigner who comes to this country is in honor bound to become an American citizen pure and simple, without any qualification. He has no business to bring into our American political life the questions of European politics, and especially the religious and race rivalries of Europe. He is bound to act not as an Irishman, or German, Englishman or Scandinavian, but purely as an American. It is an outrage that any one of our political conventions should insert into the party platform planks to catch any division of the foreign vote, because it is an outrage that there should be any division of our voters who cast their ballots as foreigners. We have nothing to do in our political platforms with the rivalry between Germany and France, with the question of home rule for Ireland, or of union for the British empire. All we are concerned with are the questions of American politics, and we have the right to demand that every American voter should vote purely with reference to those questions."

All this is very well, but, somehow, we are forced to remember that one Benjamin Franklin went on a patriotic begging mission through most of Europe, asking the sympathy of France, Ireland, and even England, for the American colonies. France responded by LaFayette, DeGrasse, and Rochambeau; Ireland by Montgomery and Moylan—England by the Hessians! The Duchess D'Abrantes, in her famous Memoirs, alludes most forcibly to the selfish policy pursued by America in the hour of France's tribulation. It is the only blot on the memory of Washington. Most of the States that expressed, through their governors and legislatures, sympathy with Home Rule in Ireland, had no Irish voters to speak of. England didn't hesitate, during the civil war, to give her moral and physical support to the rebels, greatly to our cost in blood and treasure. She would have recognized the Confederacy, and fought for it, only that Seward backed down on the Mason-Slidell capture, commonly called the Trent affair. Ireland, at that time, declared at a great mass meeting held in Dublin, and presided over by her recognized representatives, that, in the event of war, she would not give a shilling, or a man, to aid in bombarding American cities and humiliating the American flag. That was when sympathy cost something. We don't know that expressions on Irish Home Rule in American political platforms do much good, but, at least, they are harmless—just as they are intended to be.

If Americanism is such a mean, jealous doctrine that it requires a man to forget his motherland and refrain from every expression of sympathy with the cause of justice and freedom anywhere, we have contempt for such an "ism." It is simply Chinese-Wall Knownothingism, thinly sugar coated. We don't know that we need to be lectured on our duty as an American citizen by Mr. Roosevelt, or any other Knickerbocker Yankee, or Yankee of any kind. We know, at least, as much about America, and love it quite as deeply, as 99 per cent of the Yankees

themselves—perhaps we make the per centage somewhat too low. They furnished Arnold, the traitors of the Hartford convention, and the other traitors that met with Jeff Davis at Montgomery. Nearly all the American traitors were Yankees, or, at least, native born. Only for the loyalty of the alleged aliens, in every period of the country's history, the Republic might be "for rent" at present. Mr. Roosevelt had better direct his lectures to the natives, who mostly furnished the traitors, and not to the "foreigners" who furnished only one or two—to make their American loyalty more visible. Perhaps if Mr. Roosevelt's forefathers came from as fine a country as Ireland, he wouldn't be in such haste to forget the land that bore them.

GROVER CLEVELAND'S BALLADE.

Come all ye jovial statesmen
And listen to my song,
Of a fascinating female
Which won't detain you long;
Altho' her color isn't white,
What is the frozen snow
To that blazing block of anthracite—
The heir of Calico?*

When war swept o'er our country
I never pulled a trigger,
But bravely sent a substitute
To free the durned nigger;
But when a lady's in the case
No color do I know—
Upon her throne I will replace
The heir of Calico.

The army and the navy bold—
The horse marines and all—
I'll send them to my Lily's aid
Around by Aspinwall,
Tho' I first drew breath in Jersey
I was "raised" in Buffalo,
And my heart is filled with mercy
For the heir of Calico.

So then, ye jolly statesmen,
Attend to what I say,
If ye balk my good intention
Ye'll surely rue the day,
I'm a man of aspirations,
I'd have ye all to know,
And I'll fight the banded nations
For the heir of Calico.

*Queen Lily is the sister and heir of the late King Kalakoua, generally called "King Calico."

It is about time for Ireland to chop the official heads off some of her parliamentary axe grinders. The coming general election will give her a chance to do it.

The Citizen extends its thanks to the Hon. M. J. Wade, district judge for Johnson and Iowa counties, Iowa, and district delegate for the Ancient Order of Hibernians; also to Mr. Denis Maher, treasurer of Johnson county, and state delegate of the A. O. H., for their courtesy to our agent, Capt. P. Ferron, while in their district. Capt. Ferron reports favorably of the division of the A. O. H. in Iowa City, which claims a membership of over one hundred.

"Tim Healy is in the way of Union." This is a common cry. Well, if Tim Healy stands in the way of Union, then perish Tim Healy. Let him retire to his castle.

Mr. Carter, son of Mr. M. Carter, of Oak Park, has been appointed Indian agent at the Flathead Indian reservation in the Jocko Valley, Mont.—one of the most picturesque spots on the continent. Mr. Carter succeeds the lamented Major Peter Ronan, who held the position for twenty years. The new incumbent has long been settled in the West, and knows the needs of the Indians thoroughly. The Flatheads are mostly, if not entirely, Catholics, and the Mission of St. Ignatius, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, is situated in the Jocko Valley.

The Citizen regrets to have to announce the death of Elizabeth Antoinette Brosseau, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Z. P. Brosseau, which occurred on Monday.

The French people should exterminate the wretches of the Vaillant and Breton type who throw murderous bombs in places of popular resort. A man must be an incarnate devil who commits such a deed. Anarchists are not patriots, in any sense, but enemies of mankind, who deserve no countenance or quarter. The same class of bloodthirsty miscreants disgraced Paris during the reign of the Commune. They are nourished on the blood that flowed in torrents from the guillotine during the Reign of Terror.

Ex-Ald. Peter Mahr, one of the most widely known of our German-American citizens, died in New Orleans, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, last Wednesday. The remains were brought home for interment, and the funeral occurred from the residence, No. 907 North Clark street, Wednesday. The burial was at Graceland cemetery, and the attendance at the obsequies was extraordinarily large. Mr. Mahr was a man of the most excellent disposition, and his friends were innumerable. He was a human landmark, especially in the North Division, and he will be greatly missed.

The Irish-American Council, composed of three representatives each from the civic and military societies organized in this city and county, met at Fitzgerald's hall last Sunday afternoon, under the presidency of John Foley, and, after a lengthy discussion, resolved to have a parade on St. Patrick's Day. The delegates who opposed the parade did so on the ground that times are hard and money scarce. However, as the motion prevailed, all agreed to turn in and do the best they can under the circumstances. It is expected that the Seventh Regiment I. N. G. (formerly Hibernian Rifles) and the Clan-na-Gael Guards will turn out in great force, as also the Ancient Order of Hibernians and other benevolent organizations. The Citizen hopes to see a good display on the occasion.

The Robert Emmet natal anniversary will be celebrated at Central Music Hall, in this city, on March 4. The Hon. M. V. Gannon is to preside, and an eloquent speaker from an outside city is expected to deliver the oration. There will also be a varied and interesting musical programme.

Pennsylvania, in an election for congressman-at-large, last Tuesday, elected the Republican candidate by the unparalleled plurality of 175,000! The battle was fought out on the Protection vs Free Trade issue. 'Rah for Pennsylvania!

The street car companies ought to clear the snow heaps from the fronts of residences and streets, that's certain, but The Citizen has no sympathy whatever with the lawless persons who interrupt travel and embarrass the business public by hiring men to obstruct the tracks in order to "get even" with Yerkes, or somebody else. It is a species of anarchy and Mayor Hopkins would be recreant to his duty, if he permitted such an outrage on the rights of the public to go unpunished. If the ordinances call for the cleaning of the streets by the street car companies, they ought to be enforced without fear or favor. Then there would be no occasion for incipient rioting.

Frynk J. Byrne, a well known Irish Nationalist, and alleged to have been connected with the Dublin Invincibles of 1882, died recently in Providence, R. I., and was followed to the grave by an immense funeral cortege.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Inquirer," City—The English call a million millions a billion. The French, and we, call a thousand millions a billion. The American billion is written, in figures, thus: 1,000,000,000.

"A Subscriber," City—O'Donovan Rossa was elected a member of the British parliament from Tipperary about twenty years ago. He was, of course, rejected by the house of commons. That body might have spared itself the trouble, as Rossa would not degrade himself by taking the customary oaths.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tobar Deire-an-Domhain.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

An uair bhi lá agus bliadhain imthighthe, mhúsgail baiurioghain thobair Deire-an-Domhain agus na mná cóibhdeach', agus fuair an bhainrioghain mac óg le n-a taoibh.

Bhi fearg mór air an m-baiurioghain, chuir si fios air an leómhan agus air an uilipheist, agus d'fhiafruigh si creud do thárla do'n iolar a d'fhág si ag cúmhdach an chaisleáin.

"Tá mé sgriosta mé féin, agus na mná cóibhdeach millte," ar san bhainrioghan, "agus ni staidfaidh me go bh-fágh mé amach athair mo mhié." Ann sin fuair si a cóiste draoigheachta agus dá eilit faoi. Bhi si ag imtheachta go d-táinig si go d-ti an cheud theach a bh-fuair an mac righ loistin ann, agus d'fhiaffruigh an raibh aon strainseur ann go deighionach. Dubhairt fear an tighe go raibh.

"Seadh!" ar san bhainrioghain, "agus d'fhág sé cloidheamh an t-soluis 'nna dhiaigh, is liom-sa é, agus muna d-tugaidh tu dham é go tapaidh, cuirfidh mé an teach bonn-os-cionn." Thugadar an cloidheamh di, agus chuaidh si air aghaidh go d-táinig si go d-ti an dara theach a bh-fuair sé loistin ann, agus d'fhiafruig an raibh aon strainséar ann go deighionach. Dubhairt siad léithe go raibh. "Seadh!" ar sise, "agus d'fhág sé buideul 'nna dhiaigh; tabhair dam é go tapa, no leagfaidh mé an teach orraibh." Thug siad di an buideul, agus d'imthigh si go d-ti an treas theach, agus d'fhiafruigh an raibh aon strainséar ann go deighionach. Dubhairt siad go raibh. "Seadh!" ar sise, "agus d'fhág sé bullin an aráin bhuain 'nna dhiaigh, is liom-sa é sin agus muna d-tugaidh sibh dam é go tapa marbhfaidh me sibh uile."

Fuair si an bullin agus bhi ag imtheacht go d-táinig si go Caisleán Buidhe-shamhnuidh.

Tharraing si an cuaile-corraic, agus thainig an righ amach. "Bh-fuil aon mhac agad?" ar san bhainrioghain. "Tá," ar san righ. "Cuir amach ann so é, go bh-feicfidh mé é," ar sisc. Chuiran righ Art amach, agus d'fhiafruigh sé dhe "An tu ag tobar Deire-an-Domhain?" "Bhidheas," ar Art. "An tu athair mo mhic?" ar sise. "Creidim gur mé," ar Art. Ann sin tharraing si dá ribe as a ceann, chaith a n-aghaidh an bhalla iad, agus do rinneadh dréimire dhiobh a chuaidh suas go bárr an chaisleáin. Ann sin dubhairt si le h-Art, "má bhi tu ag tobar Deire-an-Domhain, tig leat dul suas go bárr an dreimire sin." Chuaidh Art suas leath-bealaigh, ann sin thuit sé agus briseadh a chorog. "Ni raibh tuas ag tobar Deire-an-Domhain," ar san bhainrioghain. Ann sin d'fhiafruigh si de'n righ, "bh-fuil aon mhac eile agad?" "Tá," ar san righ. "Tabhair amach é," ar san bhainrioghain. Tháinig Neart amach, agus d'fhiafruigh si dhe, "an raibh tu ag tobar Deire-an-Domhain?" "Bhideas," ar Neart. "Má bhidhis, téidh suas go bárr an dréimire sin," ar san bhainrioghain.

[LE BREITH LEANTA.]

The Complexion of a Chinese

Is not yellower than that of an unfortunate individual whose liver complaint has assumed the chronic form. The eyeballs of the sufferer assume a saffron hue, there is dull pain in the region of the organ affected, the tongue is coated, breath sour, sick headaches usually but not always occur, and there is sometimes dizziness on arising from a sitting posture. Constipation and dyspepsia are also attendants of this very common ailment, always in its aggravated form, liable to breed abscesses of the liver, which are very dangerous. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters wholly eradicates it, as well as the troubles complicated with it and which it originates. In chills and fever, a complaint which always yields to the Bitters, the liver is seriously involved. This fine alterative tonic removes costiveness and indigestion, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble and debility.

THE SWORD.

BY M. J. BARRY.

What rights the brave?
The sword!
What frees the slave?
The sword!
What cleaves in twain
The despot's chain
And makes his gyves and dungeons vain?
The sword!

Chorus—
Then cease thy proud task never
While rests a link to sever!
Guard of the free,
We'll cherish thee,
And keep thee bright forever!

What checks the knave?
The sword!
What smites to save?
The sword!
What wreaks the wrong
Unpunished long
At last upon the guilty strong?
The sword!

Chorus—
Then cease thy proud task never
While rests a link to sever!
Guard of the free,
We'll cherish thee,
And keep thee bright forever!

What shelters right?
The sword!
What makes it might?
The sword!
What strikes the crown
Of tyrants down
And answers with its flash their frown?
The sword!

Chorus—
Then cease thy proud task never
While rests a link to sever!
Guard of the free,
We'll cherish thee,
And keep thee bright forever!

Still be thou true,
Good sword!
We'll die or do,
Good sword!
Leap forth to light
If tyrants smite,
And trust our arms to wield thee right,
Good sword!

Chorus—
Yes, cease thy proud task never
While rests a link to sever!
Guard of the free,
We'll cherish thee,
And keep thee bright forever!

IRISH NEWS.

A meeting of the parish priests of the diocese was held in the Cathedral, Monaghan, on Jan. 31, to elect a bishop. The result of the voting was: Very Rev. Richard Owens, D.D., 19 votes, dignissimus; Very Rev. Peter Magrane, D.D., 10 votes, dignior; Venerable Archdeacon Smollen, 2 votes, dignus. Cardinal Logue presided.

Charles Eustace Murphy, youngest son of Mr. James J. Murpdy, the head of the well known firm of J. J. Murphy & Co., Cork, and Miss Townshend, the daughter of Dr. Edward R. Townshend, of Patrick's Hill, one of the leading medical practioners of Cork, were married at St. Patrick's church, Cork, Feb. 1, by the Rev. Father Christopher Murphy, C.C., Passage West.

The Nationalists of the Midleton district have definitely decided on erecting a National memorial to the Manchester Martyrs at Ightermurrogh, near Midleton, the birthplace of Michael O'Brien, one of the martyrs. A large and influential committee has been formed at Gladiesbridge for the purpose of framing an appeal for funds to the Nationalists of East Cork. Already the Nationalists of the parishes of Gladiesbridge and Castlemartyr have contributed a substantial sum towards the erection of the memorial.

One of the most successful meetings ever held under the auspices of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language took place on Thursday, Feb. 1, in Galway. The Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack presided, and was supported by Father Dooley, Father Walter Conway, Father Curran, and a large and representative body of the leading men of the city. The Central branch of the Gaelic League was represented by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Father P. O'Growney. The speeches were mostly in Irish. Father Hayden strongly emphasized the fact that Irish speakers were the best speakers of English. The Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, in replying to the vote of thanks, asked his hearers to add to their programme of preserving the Irish language, Irish music, and Irish pastimes, the equally important duty of preserving Irish industries, and to wear nothing from head to foot but material of Irish manufacture.

Mr. W. R. Kenny, J.P., of Freaghcastle, Miltownmalbay, brother of Mr. M. J. Kenny, M. P., was accidentally killed while driving home in the heavy storm of Saturday night, Jan. 27, along an unfenced road, with a steep declivity at the side, down which the car on which he was seated became precipitated, falling on top of him; the terrible accident was not discovered till the next morning. The funeral took place on Feb. 1, the interment being in the family vault at Freign. The vast assemblage of sympathizers, both laity and clergy, who attended the funeral to pay their last tribute of respect bore ample testimony to the esteem in which he was sincerely held by all classes of the community.

On Jan. 28 a large meeting was held at Carrowbehy for the purpose of organizing a branch of the National League. The meeting was held outside Carrowbehy chapel after mass, and was attended by Messrs. John Fitzgibbon, John Silk, and Patrick O'Brien, who drove over from Castlerea. Mr. Fitzgibbon presided, and in the course of a characteristically practical and earnest speech said that Roscommon held the proud and enviable position of being the county with the fewest evicted tenants and landgrabbers of any county in Ireland. Over seventy persons had their names enrolled and paid their subscriptions.

The death is announced of Mr. John McCann, P.L.G., of Athboy, which occurred on Tuesday, Jan. 30, after an illness of only a week. He will be much missed in Athboy, where he was a large employer of labor.

The Castlecomer correspondent of the Kilkenny *Journal* says: "In a few weeks more one of Castlecomer's bravest and most talented sons, M. J. Curran, with his brother, will be leaving his native town for America. In every local undertaking Mr. Curran was one of the first to lend a helping hand, never letting personal conveniences interfere when engaged in anything for the good of the town. We, who have been his comrades from early boyhood, shall miss him very much."

His grace the Archbishop of Tuam has made the following changes: The Rev. P. O'Connor, P.P., Achill, to be P.P. of Kiltullagh; the Rev. J.P.O'Connolly, C. C., Crossboyne, to be P. P. of Achill; the Rev. Father Waldron, C.C., Louisburgh, to be Adm. Spiddal.

Richard Aylward, an old and respected citizen of Kilkenny, died Feb. 1, in his 74th year. He had lived in Kilkenny for mor than half a century, and was for twenty years a member of the municipal council.

At the Convent of Mercy, Kinsale, on Feb. 1, Miss Kate Madigan (in religion Sister Mary Berchmans) made her solemn profession and took her final vows, devoting the remainder of her life to the the service of God in the Order of Our Lady of Mercy. Sister Mary Berchmans is a daughter of the late Edward Madigan, Bridge street, Callan, and niece of the Rev. John Carroll, Kilmacow, and the Rev. Martin Carroll, Davenport, Iowa, U.S.

Arthur Robert Pyres, Viscount Southwell, of Rostrevor House, Ramsgate, England, has been appointed deputy lieutenant for the county Leitrim.

Daniel and Jeremiah Nunan were to have been evicted from their farms on the estate of Mrs. Elizabeth Gladstone, widow of the premier's cousin, at Doon, county Limerick, on the 24th ult., but the eviction had to be abandoned, the doctor of the district certifying that a woman was lying dangerously ill in the house and that it might be fatal to remove her.

The funeral of the late Nicholas Leech, of Drogheda, took place Feb. 2 from his residence, Templeogue, county Dublin, to Glasnevin. Mr. Leech was several times elected mayor of Drogheda, and was also its high sheriff. He was a very extensive general trader, and was largely interested in the trade of the port of Drogheda.

Edward Byrne, who held the position of head porter on the Dublin, Wicklow & Wexford railway, was killed while engaged in shunting a train at Bray station on the morning of Jan. 20. He was only 19 years of age, and had only recently been promoted to the position of head porter.

In consequence of the depression in the shipbuilding trade, the Employers' Association in Belfast have given notice to the members of the Iron Shipwrights and Boilermakers Societies of a reduction of 5 per cent on piece-workers' wages. The reduction is to take place at the end of February. The proposed reduction only affects highly paid labor, which in busy times brought the men occasionally from 20s to 30s daily.

There has been a reduction in the price of bread in Dublin to 5d per 4lb loaf. The price of flour has never been so low as at present, and it has been steadily falling for the past few years. In the summer of 1892 the price of the 4lb loaf in Dublin was 6½d; on May 16, 1892, it was reduced to 6d; on June 5 of last year, a further reduction was arranged to 5½d, and now the price is down to 5d. The fall of 1½d in the eighteen months represents to the baker about 11s 3d per sack. The bakers' profits at this price of 5d are just as great as when they had the price at 6½d, and that produced a fine return. The best flour eighteen months ago was bought at 32s 6d per sack of 280 pounds; now it can be had at about an average price of 21s.

The death is announced of Mrs. Barron, wife of P. G. Barron, P.L.G., Clough. The deceased lady was in her 50th year, and though she was ailing for a considerable time, her death came as a surprise to a great many of her numerous friends. Among her neighbors and the poor of the surrounding district her death is deeply mourned, and her loss will be keenly felt.

Recent Deaths.—The following announcements of deaths appear in our Irish exchanges:

Mrs. Margaret Mackey, mother of J. F. Mackey, Carrick-on-Suir, died at her residence, Cregg, on the 15th ult., aged 73 years.

The *Leinster Leader* announces the death of Thomas Byrne, T.C., Carlow.

Mrs. Wilson, Castlebar road, Westport, wife of George Wilson, died on Jan. 26. She was a member of a very old and respected family in Westport.

Jan. 30, at Serpoint House, Thomastown, county Kilkenny, Thomas Dorn, aged 78.

James Flynn, of Lecarrow, Dromore West, died on Friday, Jan. 26, aged 73. He was remarkable for his love of religion and charity, and the poor found always in him a true friend. In politics he was a staunch Independent, and was one of the most earnest and faithful members of the Irish National League of Dromore West in the old days as well as the more recent ones. He reared a most respectable family, three of whom are filling honorable positions in the great Republic of the West.

At his residence, Church street, Roscommon, Patrick Hannon, egg merchant.

At Farra, Killala, Jan. 13, Martin Murphy, aged 72.

Feb. 2, at her residence, the Imperial Hotel, Brown street, Carlow, Ellen, relict of the late Thomas O'Toole.

Feb. 1, at Broadfield, Naas, Patrick Kenny, aged 71 years.

Jan. 31, at her residence, Mayne, Clogher Head, county Louth, in her 89th year, Anne Cecilia, widow of the late Patrick Maguire.

Jan. 31, at her residence, Swords, Mary Jane, relict of the late Joseph McDonnell, aged 70 years.

Feb. 2, at the residence of his parents, No. 14 Fitzwilliam lane, James Cornelius, son of John and Mary Cullen.

Feb. 1, at her residence, Barnanstown, Ballyboughal, county Dublin, Margaret, relict of the late Michael Fagan, aged 71 years.

For The Citizen.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

February 22, 1732.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

Mother of empires, proud Virginia, hail!
Hail! august day that Washington was born
By fair Potomac's banks—then unrenown'd—
Destin'd to lead the patriots "hope forlorn"—
To manage armies, column'd men in mail—
Direct campaigns 'gainst veterans victor-crown'd,
Muster the legions of the free and brave
An empire to defend—a continent to save.

Hail, Westmoreland! to thy vales ever green
Unheralded the future Magnate came;
No vaunting prophet told the joyous tale,
No royal messenger announc'd his name.
No gorgeous flags were at his advent seen,
No midnight anthems woke the peaceful vale,
No courtly banners o'er him were unfurl'd—
This destin'd leader of the Western world.

Had fate not call'd him? yet! it had reserv'd
For him a mission delicately grand,
To lead a people 'gainst that people's king,
To head the sovereigns of his native land;
He from the line of duty never swerv'd—
And like the Eagle poised on aerial wing
He soar'd above the sceptre'd kings of clay,
For home and freedom led the dang'rous way.

The yoke and the chain he threw back in the face
Of the despot, then march'd in the van
Of the men who were struggling for freedom and peace—
Who said man should not trample on man—
That men were born equal—the whole human race—
That monarchs their cruel oppressions should cease—
That princes the people must not overawe,
That the throne and the crown both were creatures of law.

When he saw that his country was press'd by the sword,
That a war of destruction was wag'd
He pledg'd to his lov'd land his fortune, his life—
His honor, while conflict still rag'd
He led gallant armies till peace was restor'd—
Till the despot retired from the strife,
Until liberty triumph'd by sea and by land,
And peace crown'd Columbia from mountain to strand.

Hail, hero of Trenton! all deathless thy name—
On glory's high column forever engrav'd,
Thy triumphs in peace—in war conquests sublime—
For a downtrodden land—for a people enslav'd.
Ever green are thy laurels—eternal thy fame.
The bright waves that flow on the high tide of time
Shall foam with thy glory, pole echo to pole
That the victor of Yorktown heads honor's high roll.

You Can Rely

Upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples and all other diseases caused by impure blood. It eradicates all impurity and tones and vitalizes the whole system.

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We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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CHICAGO.

FRANCIS T. COLBY, ATTORNEY, 95 METROPOLITAN BLOCK.

ESTATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the final settlement of the estate of Thomas Mackin, deceased. To John Mackin, Mary Coleman, wife of Philip Coleman, Thomas Mackin and Anthony Mackin, heirs at law of said decedent.

Take Notice, that on the twenty-eighth day of March A. D. 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, the undersigned will present to the Probate Court, at the Court House in the City of Chicago, in said county, his final account as administrator de bonis non of said estate, and ask that the same be approved, that said estate be declared settled, and the undersigned discharged from his said office, at which time and place you are notified to be present if you so desire.

Chicago, Illinois, February 24, A. D. 1894.

FRANK T. KINNARE,
Public Administrator of Cook County, Illinois: administrator de bonis non of the estate of Thomas Mackin, deceased.

Francis T. Colby, attorney for administrator de bonis non.

Business Directory.

JOHN BEEGAN,
Hatter and Parade Furnisher.
Supplies all kinds of Uniform Furnishing Goods, Silk Badges for Balls, Picnics and Parades, Regalias, Sashes, Gold, Silver and Metal Badges, Banners, Flags, Supplies.
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Pianos and Organs,
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Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
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308 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

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TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	20c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

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FRANCIS T. COLBY, ATTORNEY, 95 METROPOLITAN BLOCK.

ESTATE OF JOSEPH CONDON, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Joseph Condon, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, Illinois, February 10, 1894.

BRIDGET CONDON, Administratrix.

ESTATE OF JAMES HOGAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James Hogan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, Illinois, February 10, 1894.

SARAH WILLIAMS, Executrix.

ESTATE OF BENJAMIN J. WILLIAMS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Benjamin J. Williams, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, Illinois, February 10, 1894.

SARAH WILLIAMS, Executrix.

ESTATE OF MATHIAS URBANUS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mathias Urbanus, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, Illinois, February 10, 1894.

JOHN M. G. URBANUS, Administrator.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF CATHERINE FLANAGAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine Flanagan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 10, 1894.

WILLIAM FLANAGAN, Administrator.

David S[illegible] Attorney.

ESTATE OF JEREMIAH MULVIHILL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Jeremiah Mulvihill, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1894, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, January 17, 1894.

MARY MULVIHILL, Administratrix.

David S[illegible] Attorney.

FAILED!

Failed! "Ah, yes, poor fellow!" you say,
"Nothing from life he seemed to gain.
His was truly a losing fight,
And all too soon the cruel night
Closed around—beat him down. He was slain!"
"Yes, failed," you say.

Failed! But I tell you, tell you I say!
'Twas a noble fight he fought and well—
With courage held high and brow clear,
No skulking idly in the rear,
And if vanquished 'twere fighting—fighting he fell.
No failure, I say.

And look you. What call you success?
The poor plaudits of some few men?
A palace reared from the cold—
A red heap of this earth clog gold?
A cathedral crypt? And then— Well, what then?
Why, only a guess.

And I say again: Count you the cost
Of this bridge? To what is it nailed?
What are its bulwarks piled high—these
You cross to your City of Ease?
Man! I tell you 'tis built on the failed—
The fighters who lost.

And he—scorn or pity as you will—
'Twas in fording that stream he fell,
For freedom, for man, for the right!
Was his cry in the heat of the fight,
And for these and for you, rang his knell,
Then "failed," say you still?

Dry shod reach your promised land now
On his failure—on those the world railed—
They, the stuff of whom heroes are,
Who saw its light gleam from valleys afar
And fought for it—died for it—failed.
No failure, I vow.
—New York Ledger.

A BRAGGART IN LOVE.

The women had gone to the drawing room, and we had finished first cigars, when the conversation struck on matrimony. We were all married men, explaining how it happened. The other guests had told in turn their little story in the free confidence one easily feels at the end of a perfect dinner. I had related my romance, and we now turned to our host.

"Narlin, how did you win your wife?"

"It's a long story—began on hunting pass in the Arizona desert, crossed the water and ended in Colorado. Light fresh cigars. No, I'll take Mexican. Butler, bring the chartreuse—green for me, if you please."

* * * * * *

I think it was the summer of 1886. Geronimo was not yet taken, and we had been chasing in our turn until, for lack of backs and feet, our horses were lagging in the race, and we were set to watch water holes in the San Simon, so polluted with alkali and arsenic a sensible savage would have shunned it, as my dyspepsia, which dates from that campaign, tells me I failed to do.

Somehow the Geronimo campaign reminded me of a fox chase—the Indian scouts keeping their noses close to the scent, like dogs, too slow to force the bush into the open, while the various troops, like hunters in different wind, held and lost the place which promised first at the finish. If you know Arizona at all, you will recall how sharp and rocky are the crests of the divides. Being lines of most resistance in this land of deep erosion, they retain the sharp, jagged profile often seen in the snow ice of mountain drifts as it disappears in early summer. Below these scoops lie a colony of rounded foothills receding and growing less until they end in brown bowlder mesa, which, with numerous arroyos, fades into the soft, level adobe plain and blends as unsuspected as the canvas walls of a cyclorama join the rocks and logs in the pit below you.

The Indians preferred these sharp crests, which were for them both watch towers and impregnable bastions. Occasionally they would strike across the valley, kill a rancher and steal fresh ponies, and some troop would cut in and crowd them in the open till they took the next divide and met some barrier that balked the pursuers and forced on them a detour, while some other troop, through accident of locality, would tack and take the chosen place on the trail, giving for a few days its dust to the other pursuing columns. It was a weary stern chase, performed under burning skies of cloudless blue in a thirsty land of heat intolerable. And it was best expressed by our lieutenant, who on being informed by a certain captain of "Nubian Horse" that he was after Geronimo replied, "Yes, captain, a long way after." It was like cutting cards for an ace or calling the turn at roulette or faro to tell which one of some 25 troops would be in at the death.

We had had our little spurt, had brushed them off the divide and for three days led in the open across the valley to the Sierra Madre, where fresher horseflesh cut in from our right and took from us the place of honor and left us, foot sore and back sore and winded, at the base of the mountains, where we were ordered a day's march back into the valley near the border to guard water holes of the San Simon in the sullen month of August. The nights were getting bearable, but the day heat still held on with the stubborn insistance of a southern summer. Our camp was not happy—the water was bad, our shelter halves, but little thicker than cheesecloth, proved leaky sunshades, and we re-enforced them with our saddle blankets. We had no amusement except to growl, wish we were in the chase and wonder whose blooming intellect had squatted us down upon Gila monsters and sand flies to watch water so foul neither soil nor sun would drink it.

The local sports of the cantonment were disgusted. A week before they were giving odds, 10 to 3, on us in the race and now used pool checks to light cigarettes from the candles about the cook fire. There was not a drop of anything in camp. The tobacco was running low. The only pack of cards was a "monte layout" our packer had scraped from horse hide with a piece of broken glass.

Something was going to happen, for the strain was telling on men's nerves. The weather was too hot for camp idleness, and we were near the "line." I was first sergeant of L troop then, and next to a coward or a thief I think I loathed a deserter. We were near the border of Mexico where one must not cross, but where smuggling is permitted and vice possible.

The men were getting irritable—I knew the signs; the tension was reaching snapping point. I had been thinking of it all day. That evening John Leighton and I were working under the orderly fly at the "records"—were posting Vaugn and Murray's "finals" in the clothing and descriptive books. Vaugn was a corporal and Murray our blacksmith, who had been killed the week before on the day we pushed the Apaches off the divide. We were crowding them too closely in the lower pass, when a few bucks slipped off into the canyon and nipped our pack train in rear. We had to quit pressing in front to save our train. It was a clever bit of work, and five bucks did it, killing two men for us, losing us our game just as we were bagging it.

Leighton was company clerk, a talented, handsome fellow—had served out in India. He had a cheering freshness and facility of expression and spoke with the quick, falling inflection and directness of the English in speech one so quickly learns to love. He was mechanically ruling double red ink lines in a book where a life's account of services had been credited and closed, much as a bankbook is ruled when a statement is rendered from a balance struck. The words "died" or "deserted" placed in red ink in the small space below showed the cause of closing for service abruptly terminated. The usual remark was "Discharged by expiration term of service" in black ink.

"Sergeant, and whose will be the next bloody 'D?'" asked Leighton, without a ring of feeling.

"There'll be plenty of 'em if this blooming heat continues and we remain in this camp," I replied.

"And do you suppose the devil will ever want a transcript from Murray's court martial record?" Murray had been an excellent troop blacksmith, but a most constant drunkard, so his record was a full one.

"If he does, Murray won't draw brimstone liquor for a year," I replied.

"The lad will be none the worst for that, for surely here he had a most consuming thirst."

We were working at this official funeral in the sultry summer night by the unsteady light of lantern candles and were not feeling impressed or reverent. Leighton was in his undershirt, open at his handsome brown throat. As he leaned over the books at work a locket from his bosom fell the slack of its gold chain and struck the desk.

I noticed it, and he took it off, handing it to me with indifference. He had opened the locket, revealing the portrait, which was that of a fresh young girl—one of those sweet English faces whose charm is complexion and expression of confidence complete. The eyes arrested you—pathetic, soft brown eyes, so tender they seemed to reproach, and as you changed your point of view of the miniature followed you with their full, warm light. I have seen such affectionate light only in the brown eyes of faithful dogs watching those they love.

Seeing my more than casual notice of the portrait, Leighton added: "It's an old story, not worth the telling. I don't know why I keep it."

He spoke with the same absent interest we were feeling over this work for the dead. It struck me as peculiar that in a romance accomplished there should be no trace either of bitterness or remorse, only weary indifference. I was so quickly fascinated by the face that Leighton's manner annoyed me, and I did not ask him for the story. Possibly overheat makes men irritable, for somehow I resented this careless fellow wearing about him a face like that with less interest than he wore his spurs. I did not then notice the resemblance of the face to Leighton's.

I stopped abruptly and thought of desertion, changing the conversation to this the subject of my day's musing.

"Leighton, something's got to be done to relieve the pressure. I know the lieutenant would like to do so. He feels the pulse of this camp and knows the symptoms. But what can he do—his orders to remain here are imperative, and he can't 'pass' us across the line."

"Hunting leave," laughed Leighton.

"Hunting leave, then, let it be," I replied, "with no questions asked as to game or preserve, though I can tell what yours will be, you young devil! Tomorrow make out a hunting pass for six." Leighton was humming a catchy service ballad that had appeared in London music halls the year before and did not reply.

Next morning I presented with the report four days' hunting pass for six men. The lieutenant dipped his pen in the ink and held it in contemplation for a moment above the place for signature, looking thoughtfully across the level plain. Then with quick decision, "I wish, sergeant, you and Leighton would take hunting pass and let no complications arise." He signed the pass, adding our names to the text.

The following evening found us all in Correlitos. After dinner, while smoking fragrant Vuelta Abajo of the "Zona Libra," I strolled through the narrow streets of this old Spanish town watching the wealth of a western sunset, where the afterglow was fast fading. High above the mountain tops lay great billows of russet flame, with crests like the mane of a wind fanned prairie fire. Lower in the madre spread the pure deep purple of southern twilight, while from the foothills came the soft evening breeze born after the heat of day. Even sounds fell on the ear so gently you thought that before reaching you they must have loitered to bathe in the acequia and caught some of its murmur.

On the plaza I passed two groups of comrades, one seeking solace in brandy, the other fortune in roulette, pleasant pastimes that might lead to "complications" while money lasted and would bear light watching.

I walked on to the Jardin de Oro, a small public park, where serenaders are inspired and listeners stroll or seat themselves on benches or the grass.

Only those who have suffered the heat and glare of a campaign in the desert can form any idea of the physical luxury of green trees and of water. I was seated listening to the soft Indian Spanish as it fell about me in slow chatter. From afar it mingled with the murmur of the fountain.

What a contrast this scene to the hot camp I had just left, where were heard only the whir of the rattlesnake or the insistent cooing of the lonely turtle dove—mournful sounds which seem to add to the vibrant heat. Above the mountains lay a zone of troubled white, from which the moon had now risen into the full, upper blue, causing the leaves overhead to cast shadows in arabesque on the grass at my feet, where as the night breeze stirred the foliage it wove marvelous figures in trefoil and tracery for fancy to play with as with those made by flames in a grate. Now it was the lines of a gothic window seen in an old cathedral and almost forgotten and now on grander scale the design of delicate drawn work recalled from my lady's chamber.

Leighton was there, a mantilla beside him. I could only half see the revealed oval of the face, but the figure was slight and pretty, for I caught its graceful outline later when they passed me.

Next evening at a baile Leighton presented me to Panchita. Together they were dancing, he and his pretty animal, with eyes for him alone. In the desert so rapid is love's kindling, so quick and full its flame, no charred or half burned brands are here left on love's altar. All is consumed, and what survives must spring, phenixlike, from fire or else descend from heaven.

After the danza ended Leighton was standing in shirt sleeves near Panchita, with the collar of his jersey open at the throat—a trick of his that made me suspect he had seen service in the navy. As he leaned over her Panchita's eye caught sight of the locket chain, and he removed the locket, opened it and handed it to her, this time not indifferently, but with all the pride of prized conquest.

I was watching Panchita closely as she gazed fascinated by the portrait and saw her tremble. Only as I read her face then by what I now know can I tell how well it expressed all that hopeless sense of loss which comes with the abandonment of things loved or desired. For an instant her eyes showed the rage a child's sometimes feels for an inanimate object when that object has hurt it. And I thought she would break the locket. Then the woman conquered, and she smiled as she returned it.

"Ella es muy hermosa, senor!"

From that moment her abandonment toward Leighton was complete. Her gayety and grace became exquisite, while a look from him would lead her.

"Oh, you eastern dervish of hearts!" I exclaimed to myself as Panchita left him and skipped to get a handful of cascarones and then returned, crushing the pretty tinsel spangles in a shower over his brown head and throat. She flitted about him with the grace of a bird, and her eyes never left him. She was becoming intoxicated with her own movements, her cheeks were flushed with bright fever spots, and her eyes shone like stars. On and on they danced, seeing only each other, and she looked as if she could dance forever.

At length Leighton proposed they go, and she obeyed his wish as if hypnotized or impelled to do it, and ignoring her duenna they left together.

* * * * * *

The next week I ruled Leighton's official epitaph in the L troop records thus: "Deserted from hunting pass Aug. 18, 1886."

You see, the case was an awkward one. The night of the baile he had been stabbed in the park. I found his body there, and my comrades were about to string up Morales, Panchita's local admirer, for the stabbing when I stopped them.

"Hold on, boys," I said. "Remember I promised the lieutenant no 'complications.'"

So Leighton became officially a "deserter," and I kept my word.

Besides, I doubt if stringing up would have been fair to Morales, for when I found Leighton's body the locket was lying on the ground beside it. The clasp was open, and the portrait blood stained and mutilated, as if by the point of a dagger.

I think Leighton half knew what he was doing when he flaunted that portrait at Panchita—he was a careless devil and loved danger in a way to win any woman's heart. But, you see, it was his first affair in this land, and he was mistaken in their temper.

How could I let his record remain so? Well, what could I do? Besides, Leighton was not his right name, as I found out afterward when reading his home letters to get his relatives' address. His name was Jack Langhorn, and that locket the rascal showed me contained a portrait of his youngest sister. I found that out in writing to his family, whom I told that Langhorn was killed by the Apaches in the fight at Chirachuca pass—that occurred two weeks before his death.

Three years later Jack's sister came to the States, where I met her in Colorado the year after I left the service and made the strike at Harqua Hala. She is Mrs. Narlin now, and you met her at dinner. But remember she knows only half the story of her portrait, and Jack Langhorn was killed by the Apaches. Let us join the ladies.—C. Overton in San Francisco Argonaut.

She Was On.

The Husband (at the end of the fourth act)—I guess I will stop into the lobby and stretch my legs while the curtain is down, Jane. You've no objection, have you?

The Wife—Not the least in the world, my dear, and, come to think of it, I guess I will stretch mine too. We'll go together.—New York Press.

A CUTE LITTLE MAN.

HAPPY CHANCE ENABLED HIM TO FOIL THE ROAD AGENTS.

He Kept His Own Counsel Until the Journey Ended and Then Saved His Neck by Explaining—The Old Lady With Money In Her Shoe Had to Give Up.

"One day in 1879," said an old stage driver to a newspaper man, "the Black Hills coach left Cheyenne for Deadwood with eight passengers—seven were men, one was a woman. As they journeyed toward Deadwood they conversed among themselves. Each expressed different opinions as to the probability of a holdup. Some said they would hide money under the cushions, others would surrender what bills or gold they might possess, while two or three men exhibited revolvers and vowed that they would make resistance. The woman said she had only $100 in the world. She had come out west to make a living by keeping a restaurant in the mining camps and had done very well until a fire destroyed her property and her investment. She was going back to her son in New England to spend the remainder of her days upon the farm. The safest place imaginable, in her opinion, was the sole of her left foot, and she had accordingly placed two $50 bills inside her shoe.

"There was a small man seated in the corner next to the driver. His hat was pulled well over his eyes, and he kept constantly in his lap a small black valise. He took no part in the conversation, and it was not long until the passengers, who received rather curt responses to such questions as they addressed to him, began to regard his actions with suspicion.

"Well, the coach rolled on toward Deadwood. Next morning toward 9 o'clock the expected robbers appeared. The messenger was shot and slightly wounded, the horses were held and both driver and messenger compelled to dismount and put up their hands. The passengers were ordered out of the coach, and it is needless to say that they obeyed with alacrity. The three men who were to resist the robbers were so awed by the presence of several large revolvers thrust in their faces that they gave up their treasures with little remonstrance. Said one of the robbers, 'It's agin our rules to bother women, so, old girl, we won't search you.' While two of the desperadoes went through the pockets of the men another happened to see the small man in the corner. 'Hello,' said he, 'here's one in the coach. Come out of there.' The man appeared, but without his little black valise. He was very poorly dressed, thin, pale and affected by a hacking cough. Said he: 'Boys, I hain't got much—only a few dollars. I am going back east to die. If you take what little I got, I won't have no money to get meals. My railroad ticket ain't any use to you. If you will let me alone, I will tell you where you can get $100.'

"At this the poor old woman turned pale and some of the passengers began to mutter.

"'All right,' said the spokesman of the bandits, 'we'll search you, and if you ain't lying we'll let you go if you'll tell us where we can get that $100.'

"So they searched him and found $7 or $8 in silver in his pockets, which they let him keep.

"'Now,' said the consumptive looking man, 'if you'll make this old woman take off her left shoe, you will find next to the sole two $50 bills.'

"The robbers compelled the old woman to loosen her shoe and found the money. Upon this they took their departure, the passengers mounted the coach, and the journey toward Deadwood was resumed.

"Scarcely had they entered when a torrent of abuse was poured upon the small man. 'You villain,' said one, 'you ought to be hung.' One of the men called to the driver to stop. The mean man in the corner was dragged out of the coach, and the excited passengers were about to string him up to the nearest tree.

"'One minute—just one minute!' pleaded he. 'It is only 10 or 12 miles to the next station, and it is customary in this country to give a man a little show for his life. I beg of you just go that far, and if I can't properly explain you can hang me.'

"The driver told the passengers that the men at the station would not interfere if the suspect could not make a proper defense, so they all re-entered the coach and proceeded upon their journey. There was little said during the next hour and a half. The mean man was closely watched by the male passengers, and escape for him was impossible.

"As the buildings of the station came into view upon the coach suddenly swinging around a bend in the road the small man brightened up considerably. 'Now,' said he, 'I will tell you. We are perfectly safe here, as this end of the line is free from robbers. I have $25,000 in my grip, and the only way that I could save it was by diverting the attention of the robbers to some one in the party. Unfortunately that one had to be the lady. That is why I have kept my own counsel during the journey.'

"As the coach rolled up in front of the postoffice he opened his valise, presented the old lady with six $20 bills and in addition gave each of the other passengers sufficient money to cover his expenses to Deadwood."—San Francisco Examiner.

On the High Seas.

Steward—Did you ring, sir?

Passenger—Yes, I—I rang, waiter.

Steward—Can I get you anything?

Passenger—Ye-es, waiter. Br-bring me some terra firma, or at least—an island—bring me—something solid—no ma-matter what it is. If you can't do that—then scut-scuttle the ship!—Amsterdammer.

Stars and Storms.

Much of the beauty of the stars depends upon their scintillation. The multitudinous flashing of their tiny rays gives a wonderful life and brilliancy to a winter's night. The great star Sirius excites the most admiration when near the horizon he coruscates with rainbow hues. But the astronomer would be glad if he could put a stop to the scintillating of the stars. That unsteadiness of their light is one of the chief obstacles he has to overcome in studying them with the telescope.

Scintillation has generally been regarded as due only to slight disturbances in the atmosphere. But as recent observations have shown that red stars scintillate less than white ones it has been suggested that the causes of some of the essential differences in the scintillations of different stars may be in the stars themselves. There is no doubt, however, that the main cause of scintillation depends upon the condition of the air.

Most people suppose that when the stars appear to lose their liveliness of light and shine without twinkling as minute bright points in the sky fair weather is in prospect. Studies lately made in France and Switzerland seem to contradict this popular belief. It has been found there that when the stars are feeble in their scintillations foul weather is at hand. The night before a most violent storm in France, for instance, the stars hung so quietly in the sky that they seemed to have entirely lost their scintillating power.

This is said to be only one instance among many which show that an unusual steadiness in the light of the stars precedes the appearance of storms.—Youth's Companion.

Management.

Nobody likes being managed. The secret of management is not known to all, but those who have learned it from the good fairies who preside over domestic tranquillity have attained brevet rank among the fortunate of the world. There is everything in taking people at the right moment and in suggesting an arrangement instead of ordering an arbitrary change of base. "My cousin Cornelia," said a lady, "always has her own way, without ever seeming to want it. Jabez, her husband, constantly proposes things in a masterful fashion, which he imagines first occurred to his own brain, the truth being that he is merely carrying out what Cornelia determined upon before the good man had so much as had a glimpse of the situation."

A secret of successful management in the home campaign is briefly stated in a sentence, "Keep your temper and do not antagonize any one." "I am leaving home for a week," a mother observed, "and I have given Phyllis charge of the house, her father and the boy."

"But Dorothy is the older daughter, is she not?" was the inquiry of the person addressed.

"Yes, Dorothy is the older, but not the wiser in this particular instance," said the mother. "Dorothy never conciliates. She asserts and endeavors to enforce her wishes. The result is strife and bitterness. Phyllis is gentle and patient. She yields in minor matters and only makes a stand where something worth struggling for is involved. I go away with a light heart when it is a question of dropping my cares into the hands of Phyllis."—Harper's Bazar.

Large Sailing Ships.

The largest sailing ship afloat is the French five master La France, launched in 1890 on the Clyde and owned by Messrs. Ant Dom Bordes et Fils, who possess a large fleet of sailing vessels. In 1891 she came from Iquique to Dunkirk in 105 days with 6,000 tons of nitrate, yet she was stopped on the Tyne when proceeding to sea with 5,500 tons of coal and compelled to take out 500 tons on the ground that she was overladen.

There is not a single five masted sailing ship under the British flag. The United States has two five masters—the Louis of 830 tons and the Governor Ames of 1,778 tons—both fore and aft schooners, a rig peculiar to the American coast. Ships having five masts can be counted on the fingers of one hand; but, strange to say, the steamship Coptic of the Shaw, Savill & Albion company, on her way to New Zealand in December, 1890, passed the Governor Ames in 14 degrees south 34 degrees west, bound for California, and two days later in 6 degrees south 31 degrees west the French five master La France, bound south.

Passengers and crew of the Coptic might travel over many a weary league of sea and never again see two such excellent object lessons in the growth of sailing ships in quick succession. The largest three masted sailing ship is the Ditton of 2,850 tons.—Chambers' Journal.

A Story of Evarts.

When Mr. Evarts was called to Washington by President Hayes as secretary of state, his predecessor, Secretary Fish, gave a dinner in his honor. Mrs. Fish was seated at Mr. Evarts' right hand. During a lull in the conversation Mrs. Fish turned to Mr. Evarts, speaking so clearly as to be heard even at the foot of the table, saying, "Mr. Evarts, I understand that you have sent two of your sons to college."

"Yes, Mrs. Fish."

"They are twin brothers, are they not, Mr. Evarts?"

"Yes, and they have been playmates and schoolmates until now."

"But is it true that you sent one to Harvard and the other to Yale, although you are a Yale graduate yourself?"

"Yes, it is quite true."

"Then I suppose you have done that, Mr. Evarts, so that each of them can take first honors?"

Here Mr. Evarts looked curiously at Mrs. Fish for an instant and then said very earnestly, "Mrs. Fish, you have divined correctly."—Philadelphia Press.

THE CAMEL.

He Is a Pigheaded, Obstinate, Unsociable and Unmanageable Brute.

Camels are not like horses. If a horse does not want to do anything, he makes him. If a camel does not want to do anything, he leaves it undone. No amount of coaxing, no amount of cruelty, will make him budge. He has the determination of a mule combined with the strength of an elephant. A camel is one of those aggravating brutes which will drive a hot tempered man to distraction. Nothing will persuade him to listen to reason. He will oppose your will with a passive resistance that is absolutely unconquerable.

The only way to treat a camel is to humor if you cannot humbug him. They will often lie down if you load them with the proverbial last straw, and you might beat them to death or offer up all the pleasures of paradise before they would get up. They are pigheaded beasts. Sometimes when they have quite a light load they turn nasty and throw themselves to the ground. But although they are obstinate they are not cute, and an Arab, by pretending to submit, can generally get the better of the stubborn beasts. The drivers will ostentatiously remove three or four packages from the load, and the animal, with an inward chuckle of satisfaction, rises at once without perceiving that the parcels have meanwhile been returned to their former place. As he flatters himself he has shirked some of his duty he swings away with a light heart, gratified beyond measure, like a spoiled child, at having his own way.

The camel is an unsociable beast. He is also habitually dull, except when he is sniffing the salt air of the desert. When he is treading the sands, with the burning sun on his back and the boundless waste before him, he feels himself at home. The immense heat makes him bubble over with pleasure and fills his frame with a sublime intoxication. It has been stated on the best authority that he can go nine days without water. And if you had ever seen a camel drink when he does get a chance of quenching his thirst you would not be surprised at this. They have been known to put away 7½ gallons at a time.—Ashton Reporter.

A Chinese Lottery Den.

Entering a Chinese lottery den, one sees on the walls a large representation of a lottery ticket beautifully engrossed, and also large slips of paper, each slip containing one of the 80 lottery characters. When the drawing is to take place, these slips are taken down, rolled into pellets so as to conceal the writing and then thrown into a pan. They are there well mixed up and again taken out and placed in four wooden bowls marked 1, 2, 3, 4, 20 of these characters being distributed equally among the four bowls.

One of these four bowls contains the winning characters of the drawing. Which is it to be? Again four pieces of paper, each printed with a number, 1, 2, 3 or 4, corresponding with the numbers marked on the bowl, are rolled up, thrown into a box and shaken. A disinterested person, sometimes a little child, is called in to draw out one of these numbers. For this service he receives 5 cents for good luck. The paper bearing the given number is straightened out, the number read and the bowl selected which corresponds with the number. This, of course, contains the winning 20 characters, and all the other 60 characters in the three other bowls are destroyed. The bowl chosen is taken up, and one by one the characters are unfolded. An assistant is stationed near the large lottery ticket hanging up, and as each character in the bowl is read off the corresponding character on the wall is marked. As soon as the 20 lucky characters are called out they are pasted on a piece of paper and hung up where every one can see the drawing for that day.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Golden Rule In the Boxing Ring.

The high moral value of boxing as an exercise and of the boxing code to which every boxer must submit is due to the fact that they compel men to be just, to accept equality, to respect the rights of others, to be fair to their opponents on their feet and magnanimous to them when they are down.

They take the golden rule down into the gymnasiums of every first class college and school and say to the youth of today, who is to be the citizen of tomorrow, "Put on the gloves, young man, and learn that you positively shall not, in the boxing ring at least, do anything unto others which they shall not do unto you."

Quite apart, therefore, from its physical benefits, which are greater than those of any other form of athletics, quite apart, too, from its utility in moments of personal peril, which is too obvious to need pointing out, I rejoice at the undoubted growth of boxing in the general favor as a distinct and valuable moral advance. It is already taught in nearly all our leading colleges and private schools. I hope to live to see it taught in all our public high schools, and this more as a means of moral discipline than of physical improvement.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Kenosha, the Western Gretna Green.

There is probably no city or town in Wisconsin where so many marriages take place as at Kenosha. It is the Gretna Green for Illinois and also many towns in Michigan. Hudson is also noted as a center for matrimonially inclined couples from Minnesota, and Hazel Green has a like reputation for Iowa and northwestern Illinois young people who do not wish to be put to the trouble or publicity of taking out a marriage license. Kenosha, however, is far ahead of its rivals in that respect. The town is about midway between Milwaukee and Chicago and consequently has the World's fair city to draw from for the greater proportion of the business in the matrimonial line.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

HADSHI IZZET HATED CHRISTIANS.

But a Consul Once Made the Famous Turkish Governor Respect Him.

Some time ago there died in Adrianople one of the most famous and original of the subjects of the sultan of Turkey. He was Hadshi Achmed Izzet, pasha governor general of the valayet, or province, bordering on the Black sea. Hadshi Izzet was an ideal Turk of the old school, a strange mixture of Solomonlike wisdom and childish foolishness, energy and apathy, cruelty and mercy, truth and deceit, generosity and avarice.

In the eyes of the ruler and contemporaries he was a hero, and it was with a purpose clear to many that his majesty appointed him governor general of Adrianople and kept him for as many years at the head of that important province—the gateway of the Ottoman empire. The pasha was born more than 90 years ago and rapidly climbed to places commensurate with his name and the influence of his family. At the time of his death he was the dean of the Turkish viziero.

Almost countless are the anecdotes told of the pasha, who was known and respected from the Turkish Dan to the Turkish Beersheba. His hatred of the "Christian dogs," as he always called the people of the west, was boundless. It was invariably his custom, when force of circumstances obliged him to give his hand to a "dog," to wash it upon withdrawal while in the presence of his guest. It is said that Hadshi Izzet laid aside his habit only once.

One day a consul of one of the greatest European countries was obliged to seek an audience with the sultan's lieutenant in governmental affairs. He had already been insulted once by the pasha's washing his hands after the greeting and determined that he should not be so treated a second time if he could possibly prevent it. The consul was a thorough master of the Turkish tongue, and for this reason had a great advantage over many of his colleagues.

When the servant of Hadshi Izzet received him at the palace threshold, he spoke as follows in a voice which he knew would reach the ears of the governor in his office near by:

"Go and tell thy master that I wish to speak to him. Say to him that I shall also do him the honor to give him my hand, but shall crack my hat over his ears if he attempts to wash his hands after shaking mine."

The servant started away to announce the visitor to his master. But the governor had already heard the message and came, smiling, toward the daring consul. While he placed his right hand in that of the foreign representative he said: "That was right. You please me, effendi. You at least have courage."

The hands were not washed until the consul had left the palace.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Taylor's Preparation For Buena Vista.

I refer to Zachary Taylor, whose record in the Mexican war was something phenomenal! He fought the battle of Buena Vista with only 5,000 men, although he was attacked by 25,000 men under the leadership of Santa Anna, who was the greatest military leader the Mexicans have ever known. Santa Anna went to the battle of Buena Vista with the avowed purpose of exterminating the entire army of the United States, and there was no doubt in the mind of Santa Anna that this great feat could be accomplished with comparative ease. General Taylor, with his 5,000 men, prepared for the unequal contest, and not only defended himself successfully, but won a substantial victory from his aggressive antagonists and drove them from the battlefield of Buena Vista.

Some time after the battle was fought and the Mexican war concluded General Taylor was criticised for having made no preparations for the retreat of his army in the event of defeat. General Taylor promptly replied: "I made every preparation necessary for the battle of Buena Vista. I wrote my will, and so did nearly every man in my army. If we had not won that battle, we would have needed no lines of retreat. It was, from our standpoint, victory or annihilation. The only preparation necessary for the contingency of defeat at Buena Vista was that we should write our wills."—Boston Transcript.

Genius and Heredity.

The world is not going to suffer through the decline of maternity among the upper classes. Out from the ranks of the poor and unlettered will spring statesmen or actors, musicians, poets, scholars and reformers, who shall keep the great machinery of the world in motion and who shall in their turn, according to a natural law, die without noteworthy offspring and give place to others to rise from unlooked for sources. Did great brain produce greater brain, did genius produce greater genius, from one generation to another, the earth would soon groan under the oppression of tyrants of colossal intellectual power, as it now groans under the tyrants of inherited thrones and fortunes. It is well for humanity at large that genius cannot be entailed. Time is doing away with thrones, and may God speed the day when great wealth, too, shall reach its limit with each generation, and a monopoly of human rights become an impossibility!—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Testing a Razor.

The economical young man took his razor to one of the best barbers in town to be honed. Returning to get it, he found it ready for him.

"I'll warrant that edge," said the barber.

"It does look pretty sharp," said the man, and he began to feel the edge with his thumb.

"But I won't warrant it if you do that," declared the barber. "It's the worst thing you could possibly do. You might better cut your nails with it than run your finger across the edge once or shave with it for a month. There's nothing like knowing a thing or two," the barber added.—Buffalo Express.

TEACHING CANARIES.

Sole Occupation of Seven Hundred Families In a Small Town of Saxony.

In a small town called St. Andreasberg (Saxony) some 700 families are entirely engaged in the task of rearing and educating good canary singers. A great proportion of these singers is sent abroad, far or near—to London, to Australia and to the United States, where one single firm ships 100,000 birds each year. These canaries are the inferior birds, the schreir, as they are called in Germany, on account of their notes. These schreir, which are bought from 70 to 80 cents in the Harz, are sold for $3, $3 or $4 in America. The best birds are kept in Germany, where they are called hohlroller. A good hohlroller cannot be had under $8 or $10—in the Harz—and $20 and $25 are no unusua. prices. But such birds are certainly splendid singers. The Germans have quite a number of words, each of which applies to a different sort of tune, or intonation; the beulrolle is in minor key; klingerolle applies to silver tones; koller to a warbling which reminds of the murmur of water, gluchrolle is similar to the nightingale's notes, and one may say that every detail of the canary's song has been named, and that for every one there is a standard of perfection which the expert fancier knows perfectly well. The song of all canaries is not exactly similar. Each race has its special points, and while the one is great on beulrolle, for instance, it is weak on gluchrolle, while the case is reversed with another race.

Of course singing is a natural feature with canaries, but the influence of education is considerable. The educational curriculum begins in May for the young canaries, and they are, as soon as possible, separated from their parents. Education is all in this: Keep the young bird from hearing any but excellent singers. Some 15 or 20 young canaries are put in one cage with an older bird, an especially good singer, and he teaches them the elements. They try to imitate him, and hence comes his beneficial influence. In August each of the young birds is put in a small cage and kept in the immediate vicinity of the cage of the teacher. At this time the fancier tries to gather some idea of the progress achieved and of the aptitude of the different birds. The best are put in the nearest vicinity of the teacher. In order to prevent the young birds from getting disturbed their cages are wrapped with cloth, so as to prevent them from seeing what is going on around them, and in order to encourage singing the cages are generally shaped in form of a dome; this shape intensifies the sound, and the birds are pleased with their own music.—Popular Science News.

Swedish Men and Women.

What enormous fellows and what leviathan persons some of these Swedish men and women are! Nowhere will you see such noble specimens of adult humanity as in Stockholm's streets. The feature seems to pervade all classes, though it is not least striking among the nobility. Six feet is a common height for a man here, and really I do not believe I exaggerate in saying that men of 6 feet 3 or 4 inches are as abundant in Stockholm as men of 6 feet with us.

The tallness of the women is just as noteworthy. You remark it less, however, because they are so well proportioned. They say it is easy to tell by the size of the boots outside the doors which rooms of a hotel are occupied by the Swedish fair. This is a very endurable hit at the Swedish ladies. Though they do wear sixes or sevens in shoe leather, no sculptor would find fault with them on professional grounds. Moreover, they have most winsome complexions, and of course blue eyes are nowhere more intensely blue than here.

It is comforting to know—I speak on the evidence of one of the pensionnaires—that Swedish maidens have a great admiration for English bachelors. They read French novels, but they believe in English bridegrooms. The blood bond still exists, I suppose, between them and us.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Seat of the Brain.

At a certain 5 o'clock tea the other day one dashing creature demanded: "Do tell me, Mabel, what organ we think with? I know we love with the heart and hear with the ears, but I've entirely forgotten how it is about thoughts."

Mabel's pretty face was suspended over the samovar, "Papa says I think with my tongue."

"Impossible!" breaks in a college sophomore; "it is done with the mind."

"Oh, I know better than that!" frowns the dashing creature. "The mind is what you make up when you want to do things."

"The head, then," insists the sophomore, "if you like that any better—the seat of the brain."

"Oh, dearie, me!" sighs she at the samovar, "that explains something. I didn't know brains had a seat. It must be, then, that mine never get up."—New York Recorder.

Human Clocks.

"You know," said a man, "there are some people who seem to be able to tell the time of day without the aid of a timepiece; I don't mean by looking at the sun or that sort of thing, but right offhand. If you ask one of these people what time it is he says, 'Twenty-five minutes past 4,' or 'Twenty minutes to 12,' or whatever it may be, and he gets within five minutes of right. It seems as though time had left upon their minds some impress of its flight."—New York Press.

Under Cross Examination.

Counsel—Your age, signorina?

Young Lady (bashfully)—Oh, I hardly like to tell you.

Counsel—Yet I must insist on knowing it. Pray tell me how old you were 10 years ago.

Young Lady (cheerfully)—Oh, 38!—Fanfulla.

Aluminium Flashlights.

The use of aluminium in place of magnesium for the production of flashlight is strongly advocated by Professor Glaesnapp. He states that aluminium, if employed in the form of bronze powder, is not only equal to magnesium as a source of light in taking photographs by flashlight, but that it is really much cheaper than the latter. The following is stated to be the proper mixture for the purpose: Aluminium powder, 21.7 parts by weight; sulphide of antimony, 13.8 parts and potassium chlorate, 64.5 parts, the same precautions being taken in preparing the mixture as in the case of the magnesium flashlight.

In regard to the rapidity of combustion of such a mixture one-seventeenth of a second has been found out. Two grams of the mixture were burned in a small heap, 2 centimeters long and a centimeter wide. And in respect of chemical intensity Professor G. states that he found by exposing gelatin plates beneath a Warnerke actinometer to the light of said mixture and to that of other mixtures prepared with magnesium the employment of equal quantities of the metals resulted in a superior light from aluminium, though not of considerable amount. The speed of combustion is ascertained to be slower—about one-fifth of a second—if a mixture is used composed of 30 parts, by weight, of aluminium powder and 70 parts of potassium chlorate.—New York Sun.

She Reformed.

A certain western senator had two sons, little fellows 9 and 11 years of age, when he came to the capital two or three years ago. Their mother had devoted herself to their education and pleasure almost exclusively, but here she found that the demands of society would not permit her to give quite so much time to them. So they were sent to school, and often they had to go to bed without the pretty story.

One evening the mother noticed that the older boy seemed unusually grave. She was making preparations to go out to dinner. He said:

"Mamma, are you going out again?"

"Yes, my dear; mamma has to go. She dislikes to leave you so much, but papa wants her. Go to bed, my dears, and to sleep; you won't miss me then."

"Mamma," said he, with all the gravity of a full grown man taxed to the limit of his patience, "mamma, how much longer is this thing going to last? What is to become of us if you neglect us so?"

The mother did not go out to dinner that night. She staid at home, told and read stories to the boys and petted them. The result was, and still is, that the mother devotes all her Saturdays to the youngsters. They visit the art gallery, the museum, the capitol, the old houses and the zoo.

"I enjoy it," she says, "as much as they do."—Capital.

An Easy Mark.

A woman's poker club flourishes in one of the suburbs of Cincinnati. They say that a cold, unfeeling man from an eastern city, where artistic poker flourishes as a green bay tree, wended his way to this same suburb one day. He had simply gone to call on a friend of his mother. The lady was not at home, but next door, the servant informed him. Innocently and as free from guile as a commercial traveler, he made his way to the neighboring house and asked for Mrs. ——. He was admitted and found the educational circle in deep study. He was invited and fell. Who can resist feminine wiles and poker?

He sat down and gave the ladies some highly valuable information, which cost them just $60. Then he rose up with the conscious pride of a man who has not lived in vain and left them lamenting. Cold and unfeeling man! He left them in the hole and sought the city, where he bought and sent to a friend a handsome present. He said that that game was the softest snap in the universal hemisphere, which shows that after all woman's sphere is not a complete circle.—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Postmaster's Subterfuge.

"One of the most pathetic scenes that ever came under my observation," said a southerner, "was at a country store on the Big Sandy river in West Virginia. I was there as a special postoffice inspector and was sitting in the store one bitterly cold night. A feeble old woman, wearing a thin calico dress and a faded sunbonnet, came in timidly, as if fearing bad news. 'I don't reckon you ain't got nothin for me,' she said to the storekeeper. 'Yes; I've got a letter,' and the old woman clutched it to her bosom as if it was the dearest thing on earth to her, and with a quick step born of happiness she walked out. 'I wrote that letter myself,' said the storekeeper to me. 'Her son went down the river on a raft three years ago and was drowned. The old woman could never understand that the boy was dead, and she writes to him every week, just backing her letters, "My Boy Bill, Down the River." It hurt her so not to get any answers that every week I write to her and sign Bill's name.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Novel Use For Cranks.

"The only way to dispose of the crank question," said the man with the long hair and soiled shirt front, "is to arrest all suspicious characters, examine them, and every one who don't know the difference between right and wrong confine him perpetually in the courthouses"——

"What for?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"What for? Under modern legal requirements where—I repeat—where would you find such a petit jury?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Poky Old Place.

Lady Betty (proud of old ancestral mansion, where the family have lived ever since the reign of Henry VIII.)—Just fancy what papa's having done! He's having the electric light put in!

Prosaic Sister-in-law (from Chicago)—I'm real glad to hear it. It'll be the making of the place.—London Punch.

POINTERS ON THE GRIP.

A Description of the Disease by One Who Has Suffered.

Ever had the grip? I will give you a few pointers. You will imagine you have a bad cold, and you can wear it out, but you need not try it. The grip has fastened his fangs onto you and will not let go. You have got to give up, go home and go to bed. In a short time you will realize Beecher's dream of hell. You will think your head has been removed and an old beehive with the empty comb left in its place. Your mouth will taste like a pail of sauerkraut. You have the grip.

The doctor comes, looks you over, puts his thermometer in your mouth, finds your temperature 104 degrees in the shade, your pulse going at the rate of two miles and three laps to the second. He orders you to stay in bed and gives you medicine that is so strong and sour that simply setting the bottle on the clock shelf stopped the clock. He will tell your wife that she may give you warm drinks and try to get you to sweat and take his leave. Now, all wives are family doctors by right of their position in the house, and as you have gone to sleep, delirious and exhausted, she begins her treatment by putting a belladonna plaster across your lungs, a flaxseed poultice on one side and a mustard poultice on the other, a hot flatiron and a jug of hot water to your feet, and a sack of boiled corn in the ear, piping hot, to your back. You sleep and dream of being away to the far north in search of the north pole or out in the center of some beautiful sheet of water, like Lake Superior or the lawn tennis skating rink, helpless and alone, with the ice breaking all around you and you slowly sinking. You finally awake, burned, blistered and baked. The doctor calls, finds your temperature about 80 degrees at the north side of the house and your pulse normal, not needing a pacemaker. He pronounces you better, convalescing; orders beef tea, chicken soup, gruel and toast as a diet. You take the big rocking chair exhausted, tired, discouraged and ugly; you feel like licking your wife, kicking the dog and breaking up the furniture, but you won't do anything but sit there day after day weak, helpless and tired.—Winona (Minn.) Herald.

Making Billiard Cushions.

The making of billiard cushions is an important industry, but is carried on by two or three firms alone, and while the story of the difficulty which has been overcome in preventing the ball from sinking into the rubber and thus destroying the angle desired to be taken is an interesting one it has been told before and will not be repeated now. In the early days of the industry the manufacturer employed valve rubber and obtained a much better price for it when it was worked up into the cushion.

Then the cushion maker set his wits to work to get the valve rubber cheaply, but in those days it was strongly held, and none was allowed to pass to that industry unless it paid the enhanced royalty. Finally the combination was broken by a firm in Pittsburg ordering the valve rubber ostensibly for ordinary use, but shipping it back to New York for the intended purpose. So skillfully and patiently was this done that a great quantity was accumulated, and the valve rubber man threw up the sponge. Now billiard cushions are made of molded rubber, an evolution which came along later.—Hardware.

La Fontaine's Opinion of Himself.

"La Fontaine," said one of the most brilliant critics and wits of the famous fable writer's time, "is such a fool that he does not know he has more genius than Æsop or Phædrus."

In truth, he was a severe critic of his own work. He attended the first presentation of his "Astree," and sat near some ladies who did not know him. At some of the important passages he exclaimed: "That is wretched! That is absurd!"

When they protested that it was good, and that it was by the great La Fontaine, he rejoined:

"That makes no difference. The piece is bad. I know that La Fontaine you are speaking of. He's a stupid fellow. He's myself."

Then he went out, entered a cafe and went to sleep in a corner. Some of his friends found him there and inquired why he wasn't listening to "Astree."

"Oh," said the author, rousing himself and stifling a yawn, "I just came away. The first part displeased me greatly. No one agreed with what I said about it, but I didn't care to hear more. I admire the patience of the Parisians."—Youth's Companion.

Gambling.

A considerable proportion of failure in business and 90 per cent of the defalcations and theft and ruin of youth among people who are employed in places of trust are due directly to gambling. I have seen in my vast employment so much misery from the head of the family neglecting its support, and squandering his earnings in the lottery or the policy shop, and promising young men led astray in a small way, and finally becoming fugitives or landing in the criminal dock, that I have come to believe that the community which licenses and tolerates public gambling cannot have prosperity in business, religion in its churches or morality among its people.—Chauncey Depew.

Coyote and Eagle.

W. C. Plummer of Prineville once witnessed an exciting fight between an eagle and a coyote. The eagle had caught a rabbit, and the coyote undertook to take it away from him. The eagle defended his prey manfully for some time, but the coyote was too much for him and finally got away with the rabbit, but not until after the eagle had clawed several handfuls of hair out of his back and left him somewhat disfigured.—Portland Oregonian.

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Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av. Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec. Wm L O'Brien, Treas. Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a. Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas. Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John U Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av. J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st. J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec. L Foley, Treas. Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Mingue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st. John F Owens, Fin Sec. Maurice O Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st. John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kinzbark av. M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas. Dr J A Heustoger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hake, Treas. William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon, Treas, John Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1061 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 859 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4039 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday at North and Western ave.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn, Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plente, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry Hunevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 358 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phœnix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J F Stephan, 290 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 488 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler, Treas, Henry Schemer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings, Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael F Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Rubi's hall, Thomas av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Keenan, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin Clark; T, J C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at Southworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1006 Belmont av; R S, Joseph Lessan, 1020 Wolfram st;

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